

Quadrant

VOLUME IV

An Australian Quarterly Review

NUMBER 2

Edited by James McAuley

EDITORIAL ADVISORS: Joseph Burke, C. Manning Clark, Roger Covell, Rosemary Dobson, Sir John Eccles, A. D. Hope, A. N. Jeffares, Alec King, Leonie Kramer, Wesley Milgate, O. Rapoport

14 AUTUMN
1 9 6 0

Richard L. Walker 3 Australians in Wonderland

Douglas Terry 13 Departure

T. H. Jones 21 Billy Budd and the Corporal

Douglas Stewart 30 Rutherford

Manning Clark 39 The Love of Christ

A. D. Hope 49 Free Verse: a Post Mortem

E. O. Schlunke 61 The Sheep's-eye View

Chris Wallace-Crabbe 69 End of Term

Barbara Maude 77 Design in Australia

Lloyd Ross 85 Catholic Action and Politics

87 Reviews

Annual subscription 20s., post free. Subscriptions may be addressed to:
QUADRANT, Box 4714, Sydney, N.S.W.

Imagine a marine world without oil!



Hard to do isn't it? Yet how much harder it would be to live in such a world. In the marine field alone, oil has contributed in so many essential ways.

Whether you're out for a day's run or a holiday cruise, full pleasure calls for full power, and the best and most economical way of getting that power is with Caltex Marine Products. Caltex Fuels and Lubricants are available for every type of gasoline, kerosine or diesel marine engine.



CALTEX

MARINE PRODUCTS
For "Full pleasure ahead"

AUSTRALIANS IN WONDERLAND
or
HOW NOT TO BE GUIDED

Richard L. Walker

DURING the heydey of Stalin's purges and slave labour in the Soviet Union in the nineteen-thirties the world was presented with a deluge of eye-witness literature describing the industrial progress (which certainly was real), the happiness of people (who had much to conceal), and the growth of democracy (which was hardly ideal). The few works which raised critical questions were usually drowned out by a bombast of criticism and the quantitative superiority of the books and articles of those who had taken the guided tour, joined friendship societies, repeated official Soviet statistics, or simply should have known better. An American author, for example, who first wrote in detail on the Soviet system of forced labour and supported his study with photostats of confirming documents, was accused of fabrication by a majority of reviewers. Accounts of Stalin's treatment of minorities were frequently dismissed as the propaganda of disgruntled refugees. Little wonder the Khrushchev secret speech caused so much turmoil in the outside world. Political and academic reputations, and not just of fellow-travellers, suffered tremendously. The bumptious little man in the Kremlin made fools of great numbers who had earlier made fools of themselves and who could now hope to trade only on the short memories of their audiences.

The parallels with the current literature on Communist China from the devotees of the 'new China', is unfortunately only too exact. Three books* coming from Australian authors, illustrate only too effectively the wide range of talents which can be recruited for telling a story in a manner which will serve the interests of the Mao regime today, as presumably respectable writings served that of Stalin in the nineteen-thirties. One wonders how long we must wait for a 'secret speech' on Mao and his colleagues to make the writers begin to do some rethinking. Perhaps genocide in Tibet (Asia's Hungary) or the problems of the Indian border have already caused some rethinking. It should

* Leslie Haylen, *Chinese Journey: The Republic Revisited* (Angus & Robertson, Sydney); Dymphna Cusack, *Chinese Women Speak* (Angus & Robertson, Sydney); C.P. Fitzgerald, *Flood Tide in China* (Cresset Press, London).

be remarked, incidentally, that the material for all three of these volumes under review dates back to BC; that is, Before the Communes.

What these three books do illustrate are a number of factors and very effective techniques on which Communist regimes rely for a favourable press abroad. Each offers evidence of the effectiveness of wishful thinking. All of them indicate the ease with which a centralized despotism, possessing a monopoly of statistics on the national level, can get its own words, 'facts', and interpretations accepted. Again, they demonstrate the effectiveness of the visiting-delegation approach to propaganda and foreign policy, the value of official handouts, and the utility of vast quantities of slick publications with smiling illustrations distributed with largesse by Communist regimes.

I

Of the three books, *Chinese Journey*, by Leslie Haylen, is the most distressing. Haylen led a delegation of four Labor members of the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia to China in 1957. Given his position of responsibility, the readers should be able to expect a responsible and honest book. Unfortunately, his report is neither. On his concluding page (240) he states: 'The praise or blame is not for me to give. *I report the facts as I saw them in China.*' (Italics mine.) The facts as Haylen saw them involve constructing large portions of his book from Chinese propaganda handouts and presenting some of them as personal experiences.

For example, in a chapter entitled 'The Industrial North' Haylen recounts meeting a former coal miner whose name was Yeng (note spelling). He reproduces Yeng's story with appropriate 'Yeng said', and 'Yeng told me'. Actually, Yeng's story which is reported as personal experience by Haylen (pp. 214-217) follows the general organization (in some places word for word) of an article by Ying (note spelling) Chi-hsien in the November 1956 issue of *China Reconstructs*, an English-language monthly from Peking. In the concluding paragraph of this section, Haylen states, 'Yeng was an unforgettable figure'. At least Ying's article was unforgettable, because the familiar tone of the cliché-filled, stereotyped story sent this reviewer to his files of *China Reconstructs*.

A little more digging indicated that many other sections of this book had been lifted in whole or part from such articles. For example, Haylen's Chapter XVII is constructed from two articles which appeared in the March and April 1956 issues of

China Reconstructs; his Chapter VIII, entitled 'The Big Clean-up', comes from an article in the September-October 1952 issue which bears almost the same title. In fairness to Haylen, it should be pointed out that in his acknowledgments he states: 'In preparation of certain background material for this book I have leaned heavily on the Chinese-English magazines, particularly *China Reconstructs* and *China in Transition*.' Heavily indeed! Incidentally, *China in Transition* is not a magazine at all, but a book of collected articles from *China Reconstructs*, containing practically all of the articles which he used. Even in those passages of his book where he acknowledges that he is quoting from the Chinese propaganda intended for outside sources, Haylen's work is sufficiently careless that the quotations are not even accurate; for example, the quotation on page 200.

As for the rest of the material in Haylen's book, it is the usual black and white treatment which would bear out Mao Tse-tung's interpretations of society and history. It is not surprising that Haylen finds the Chinese Communists to be paragons of virtue living in a world of light and truth and much of the outside world to be dark and dismal. On page 16 he refers to the 'hideous man-made contrasts of Hong Kong'. Naturally he cannot be expected to comment that much of the misery in Hong Kong results from the fact it is the largest colony of refugees in the world—refugees in the main from Mao's paradise. Occasionally Haylen makes an accurate remark which cannot be questioned; such as 'Reports of huge slave-camp concentrations are not supported by investigation'. (p. 78) But his bland statement with regard to forced labour—'In fact, none exists there' (p. 79)—is open to question on numerous bases. These include more than the eloquent testimony of the refugees in Hong Kong. This reviewer, for example, saw a picture snapped by the British economist E.S. Kirby showing not only slave labourers working near a railroad but also the chains by which they were linked from neck to neck. Nor could anyone who has read the accounts of the work of school children 'down on the farm', or who has talked with the refugees in Hong Kong, accept Haylen's absurd judgment that 'No child under sixteen goes to work in China'. (p. 230)

Of course, a book like this is bound to offer some real whoppers, and Haylen does not disappoint the reader who might choose to regard it as a piece of humour. At one point (p. 36) he asserts that a visitor can 'talk with the people of the minorities and find that the Chinese professors at Peking have given them a spoken language of their own for the first time in history'. Pre-

sumably, until the Communists came along, these poor minority peoples were communicating with each other by grunts.

Perhaps even more ludicrous is Haylen's attempt to provide historical background material. His summary of the youth of Mao Tse-tung (Chapter IX) makes even the eulogistic treatment of Mao's official biographer of that period of his life, Hsiao San, seem critical. Haylen's summary of the Sian kidnapping of 1936 (pp. 46-47) can only be classified as fiction. His background statements on Chou En-lai and Chu Teh (whom he identifies by the name Teh instead of his surname Chu—on page 151 he refers to 'Mao, Chou, and Teh') are equally strange. Not even passing mention is made of Liu Shao-ch'i, the current head of the Chinese Communist state and number two man in the Party. In light of such items, the reviewer was not surprised at Haylen's judgment on the Communists: 'The Chinese handle history brilliantly.'

Given the sources for *Chinese Journey* and the sympathies of the author, his conclusions are also not unexpected. 'I am convinced that China's desire for peace is genuine. . . . China, I believe, is non-belligerent as a matter of policy and as a matter of humanitarianism.' (p. 232) There are numerous Indian leaders who might have shared these conclusions one or two years ago, but who by the autumn of 1959 would probably join with much of the rest of the world in doubting their validity. Statements by both Mao and Chou give the lie to Haylen's belief that the China of Mao has had 'the intellectual on her side for a long time now'. (p. 235) Nor would the Dalai Lama and other Tibetans agree with him that 'the government has treated the minorities with special care'. (p. 237)

One conclusion is, however, inescapable: as a result of guided-tour hospitality to one visitor, the Chinese Communists managed to secure one firm and uncritical supporter—how eloquent is, of course, another matter.

II

Chinese Women Speak by Dymphna Cusack is in many respects a similar volume. Miss Cusack stayed in China longer—eighteen months—entering by way of the Soviet Union, and presumably she learned more Chinese background. But it is still 'official' background. Her volume is a feminist approach to the new women of Mao's domain. It is not surprising that she finds everything before the age of Mao to be dark, oppressive, and cruel for the fair sex and that now all is light and freedom. On the first page of her book, she allows that she is not 'capable of

writing political or economic studies' and then proceeds to produce a book whose major theme is the feminine support of Chinese Communist politics. The reader is forced to agree with her assessment of her own capabilities. The book is somewhat of a travelogue with Miss Cusack stopping from place to place to allow Chinese women of various walks of life to tell their own stories of liberation and how happy they are under the People's Government. The words coming from the mouths of labour heroines could be anticipated by anyone who has perused the various stories of the 'liberation' of the Chinese women put out by the New China News Agency.

There is little doubt that the Chinese Communists have managed to tap the energies of the changing position of Chinese women—a change which began at the turn of the century, not with the advent of Mao's regime as Miss Cusack would have us believe. But reports coming to Hong Kong and the self-criticism of the Communists themselves hardly bear out the idyllic picture painted by Miss Cusack's interviews with the woman deputy of the Kiangsu People's Congress, the wife of a factory manager, the female director of a flax mill or the former prostitute. By the time the reader has managed to plough through eight or ten such stories, he can anticipate what is to come. First there is the oppression of the old society. 'The KMT were rotten, no good men. Nothing but squeeze and corruption.' Then comes 'liberation'. 'Soon all China was free of the Kuomintang and we were so happy there was peace. . . .' (pp. 67-68) If the stories are consistent, though boring, in theme, Miss Cusack is not always so consistent elsewhere. At one point she says (p. 11): 'I am so frustrated by having to say everything through an interpreter.' But two pages later she observes: 'My brief experience has taught me that language is no barrier.'

Needless to say, criticisms of the Marriage Law which the Chinese christened the 'divorce law' in some of their more open moments of comment are not mentioned by Miss Cusack. From her report one would not gather that during the first ten years of Mao's regime the new law has had a rather chequered career, which occasioned three separate drives for bringing it into operation. Again, the reader will search in vain for any mention of Ting Ling, the famous female novelist; or of Madame Liu Wang Li-ming, for forty years a leader of the feminine movement. These two, among others, fell from grace during the anti-rightist campaign of 1957. Had Miss Cusack written her book before then, this reviewer feels sure they would have been prominently featured. Her not unexpected conclusion (p. 260)

is: 'nowhere have I seen family ties—now robbed of their despotism—sounder, more closely knit'. But then, as pointed out earlier, this book is based on material before the communes. Not that the people's communes would have modified Miss Cusack's views; but at least there might have been more interest in the work in seeing how she handled this latest aspect of Communist control in a land where Mao has proclaimed: 'There is no love apart from the class struggle.'

III

As in the case of Haylen's volume, closer consideration must be given to C.P.Fitzgerald's *Flood Tide in China* because it may be expected to command the attention of serious students of world affairs. Professor Fitzgerald has long been involved in the China field. This reviewer has used his survey text on China for teaching courses in Chinese history. His latest work is, unfortunately, a defence of the Chinese Communist regime that is sufficiently one-sided to cause real dismay. *Flood Tide in China* is not like the other two books discussed above, but an attempt at a reasoned explanation of the Chinese Communist position with regard to most aspects of their regime. The author leans so far over backward attempting to explain away the undesirable aspects of Mao's despotism that he forgets to be fair to the rest of the world, or even to the Chinese people.

Fitzgerald became a leader of the Australian-Chinese Friendship Association and as such went with a visiting delegation to mainland China in 1956 as a guest of the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. His book derives much from the contacts he made with old friends in China at that time. It bears out his own observation about Chinese Communist guided tourism: 'the new facilities for travel, the elaborate organization for invitation of delegations and missions is all money well spent, effort which is repaid by useful publicity' (pp. 197-198) an observation also applicable to the Haylen and Cusack books.

The argument of *Flood Tide in China* is that the Communist regime on the Chinese mainland is stable and popular; that it is unfairly treated and much maligned by the rest of the world; and that it really stands for peace. Fitzgerald feels that China's Marxism fits in with Chinese traditions; that it attempts to preserve them; and that continued success for the regime is inevitable. The villain of his piece is not China, but the United States. To present such an argument, he is forced to omit much and to distort and argue away still more.

First, as to omissions. The reader will look in vain for any appreciation of the role of Communist violence in creating the former conditions which Fitzgerald decries; for example, the uncertain operation of railways before the Communists came to power (pp. 191-193). He does not mention that this was frequently due to Communist bombs. Again, in commenting on the Communist choice of Peking as the new capital, he refers to 'twenty years of Nationalist neglect' (p. 5). But he fails to mention that for eight of those twenty years the city was under Japanese occupation and that for four more the cost of meeting armed Communist violence precluded much attention. The reader will search in vain for any mention of how the Korean War started, or any discussion of aspects of that war which might prove unfavourable to the Mao regime. Such items as the 'germ warfare' charges are omitted. Nor will the reader find mention of Mao's support for the Soviet actions in Hungary in 1956, or his regime's bitter attacks on Yugoslavia. He mentions such items as the treaty between China and Indonesia on the citizenship of the Overseas Chinese in Indonesia, but omits any reference to the failure to achieve ratification and continuing tensions over Mao's policies toward the Overseas Chinese. Since any discussion of the Chinese Communist border policies might prove embarrassing, these too are omitted. Again, although Fitzgerald handles the Mao campaign of 1957 to 'let the hundred flowers bloom', he fails to mention the anti-rightist campaign tied to it and the deep cleavage revealed between the Chinese Communists and the very intellectuals whom he claims support the regime.

Of course, such omissions are just one specialized form of distortion. Other distortions in the volume are just as serious. Fitzgerald accepts the Communists' class analysis of Chinese society even to the application of their interpretation of recent Chinese 'feudalism'. Anything in China even faintly resembling this Western institutional form was eliminated in the third century BC. He argues that the power of the scholar gentry was based on land ownership (p. 28). This somewhat archaic view was finally laid to rest by the scholarship of Franz Michael and of Chang Chung-li in *The Chinese Gentry* (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1955). He quotes some unnamed foreign observer to the effect 'that fifty thousand may be the real approximate total of those put to death throughout China for "treasonable acts"'. (p. 53) But how does this square with the figure of more than one million put forward by no less an authority than Red China's former security chief, Lo Jui-ching

himself? The Australian professor asserts with authority that the Chinese people 'have no consciousness of having lived through a "terror"!' (p. 53) He should have spent more time with the refugees in Hong Kong! He maintains (pp. 79-81) that the national minorities are being given complete autonomy and that Peking's policy toward them 'appears to be a major departure from the dominant theme of centralization and national unity'. It is at least possible that events in Tibet in 1959 may cause Fitzgerald to reconsider this view.

A list such as this could be made many pages long, but perhaps two more examples from Fitzgerald's discussion of religion in China will suffice to show his approach to Communist China. He concluded his section on Buddhism by saying it 'will thus survive, will not be suppressed by persecution, and may even revive and grow stronger . . .' (p. 168). But he fails to mention such criticisms as that raised by Liu Ya-hsiu, an executive member of the Chinese Buddhist Association, who, when the flowers were blooming in Mao's garden, stated: 'the Communist Party is the only truly oppressive force since the invasion of China Proper by the Manchus . . . the sovereignty of our temples has been taken away'. With regard to the Moslems in China, Fitzgerald concludes: 'As a national minority, protected in the exercise of its national religion, enjoying some autonomy, its Moslem culture fostered, indeed revived . . . Islam in China has a future.' (p. 172) Ma Sung-t'ing, vice-chairman of the Chinese Moslem People's Cultural Association was quoted by the New China News Agency on 18 August, 1957, as saying: 'the Chinese Moslems are in agony', and calling for the slaying of Chinese Communists in a Moslem holy war.

The concluding chapter 'China in Asia', would be humorous today if it were not for the tragic seriousness of the threat posed by a regime on the Chinese mainland which has never shown any intention of abandoning violence and class war in its policies, internal and external. Fitzgerald offers arguments in defence of Mao's regime which will make strange reading to Indians, or Egyptians or others who incurred Peking's wrath for unexplained reasons in 1959. He puts major stress on the *pancha sila*, the five principles of peaceful co-existence, and argues that the Western opponents of China, led by the United States, cannot accept these principles of mutuality because they 'see that the "strict adherence" on which Chou En-lai insists would in fact mean a radical change of policy [on their part]'. Perhaps more recent events have caused Professor Fitzgerald to reconsider such views.

IV

There are some items of value to be derived from the three volumes under review, but they are mostly, as indicated in the introduction, in terms of appreciating the full persuasiveness of Peking's propaganda and cultural diplomacy. All three authors point to concrete achievements by the Communists in China, and these should not be underestimated. On the other hand, the free world would make a fatal mistake to assume that the enthusiasm which many Chinese give to worthwhile undertakings of the regime—industrialization, scientific studies, public health, etc.—is necessarily an endorsement of China's Communist path. Nor would it be accurate to underestimate the vast changes which are taking place in many other newly developing areas of the world and be misled by such 'new China' devotees as Haylen, Cusack and Fitzgerald into believing that China has a monopoly on most effective methods of advance.

But where, asks the reader, may we turn for some accurate information if we cannot trust the accounts of those who have been there and have seen. Fortunately, not all the accounts are as coloured as the three under review. There are an increasing number of studies of Communist China by responsible foreign journalists; for example, *The Yellow Wind* by the Canadian journalist, William Stevenson (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1959). Even more important are the continuing number of solid studies based on analytical reading of the Chinese Communist press, which the organized hospitality of the Mao regime precluded for the authors whose works have been considered here. There is enough material available, and from unprejudiced sources, to remove any need to rely on such works as these. Not one of them could possibly give a clue as to why people still seek to flee from Communist paradises, or why the outworn nations of the capitalist world did not collapse long ago.

Lest the writer be accused of harbouring a prejudice against Australian authors, he would like to state on the basis of a most congenial experience with Australians during World War II and a reading of other publications coming from 'down under' his firm conviction that these works are surely not representative of either Australian scholarship or politics.

Richard L. Walker

PUT THE UMBRELLA RIGHT UP AND COVER THE WHOLE FAMILY



The M.L.C. Family Plan extends your present or new M.L.C. policy to include **EVERY** member of the family.

Find out how you can qualify for these extra protective benefits... phone our office and a representative will be glad to give you full information.

For one low all-inclusive insurance premium

Cover yourself, your wife and all your children.

This includes children as yet unborn, step-children and legally adopted children.

Eliminate medical qualifications for the children.

Every child included in this Plan has the right to convert his insurance in terms of the Plan to a participating "whole of life" or "endowment assurance" policy for the same amount, **regardless of the state of his or her health.**

This right can be exercised at any time within the two years prior to the normal termination date for the benefits.

THE MUTUAL LIFE AND CITIZENS' ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in N.S.W.)

And for Fire and General Insurance

THE M.L.C. FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY PTY. LIMITED



THE M.L.C.

MLC 86.FP

DEPARTURE

Douglas Terry

TRY the telephone again,' she said.

'I tell you I have. It's been cut.'

'Perhaps it's only engaged,' she persisted.

'Don't be stupid. You've heard the gunfire and the tanks passing. Even if you can't understand it, the music and the ranting on the radio tell you that something serious is happening. The phone's been cut, I'm sure.'

'Well, I can't stand being cooped up here and not know what's going on. What about our little boy?'

'Don't worry about him. If we're all right so is he. Just keep away from that window and we'll wait and see.'

Davis lay back on the couch with his head cradled in his hands to stop them trembling and stared up at the ceiling. Wait and see. That kind of advice was guaranteed more to disturb than reassure. Yet what better was there to offer? Knowing that outside in the street there was anger and pain, one was a fool to go out and embrace its hostility. But to wait for it to come, through the window perhaps or the door, and be dragged by the heels out into the open, never quite knowing the cause or the reason but inwardly sure of the outcome, was such a terrifying prospect that any kind of action to establish one's identity seemed preferable to inertia. The uncertainty of the situation readily offered up such possibilities, and Davis was distressed to realize that, while people were being killed somewhere near his house, he was content to lie down, to make himself comfortable and counsel his wife to be patient. He wiped away the perspiration that was gathering about his eyes and tried to disperse the thousand little doubts and fears that festered at his heart.

'Perhaps if you went to the gate you'd be able to learn something,' she said, forcing her presence on him. Her voice grated on his ear. He rolled over at an angle to watch her pacing the floor, her eyes rounded and staring, her face taut with strain. It did not comfort him to think that outwardly at any rate he was still intact.

'At the moment,' he replied, as if stating the obvious discretion, 'I'm not prepared to risk being shot at. In any case, we've been up on the roof terrace and seen enough to be warned. Those

crowds outside don't seem to be in a friendly mood and the soldiers aren't carrying machine-guns for nothing.'

He watched her reaction. He hoped his apparent indifference would rally her spirits. He did not wish to be cruel and neglectful, yet it was necessary if spirits were flagging, for despair on his part could turn in and destroy them.

She flushed and stopped biting her fingernails.

'You're just going to sit there?'

His show of detachment, while convincing, had merely irritated her. He felt a more direct statement was called for.

'It gives me no pleasure just to sit like this, believe me,' he said sharply. 'What else is there? We've locked all the doors, but if the locals want to pay us a visit we can't stop them. Even if we were armed it would not be a scrap of use. In fact, the sight of a few guns in here would only set the mob off. Either way we are in danger. This seems the less exacting. We have no choice in the matter.'

She did not appear to be listening, her husband noted. She paced the room, a look of abstraction on her face, and suspended her agitation from time to time by stopping to set a flower straight on the shelf and to dislodge a few specks of dust from the bookcase.

'What do you think has happened?' she asked. She must be near to tears, thought Davis sadly. He had the sickening sensation that he was failing her, that his value was diminishing. He wished he had had more experience in coping with extreme situations like this, for their demands were formidable.

'I wish I knew. I imagine there's been a change of government. A coup d'etat, most likely.'

'What makes you say that?'

'Well, there are all the signs outside of the army on the move. And, besides, this place has a reputation for that sort of thing.'

'Surely not. This couldn't be happening to us. I can't believe it.'

She shook her head and paused to arrange some copper lamps they had recently bought in the bazaar. He was struck by the naivete of the response.

'These people are not going to ask our permission,' he said, gently reproving, 'before they come out in the street. They've always been ruled by force, possibly with our connivance, so now they can use force to alter that nice arrangement. They should find it congenial.'

'You speak as if you approve of their actions.'

'I do, certainly, if they aim to throw out the existing regime.'

He spoke with more confidence than his thoughts permitted. He felt the need to temper his support. Ever since his arrival in the country he had been forcibly reminded of the great gulf between rich and poor, of the indifference to suffering and the wastage of talent. To him the regime had meant secret police, burials at night, political corruption, and all its public avowals about democracy and social welfare designed for Western consumption were to be seen as grotesque distortions of reality. Yet qualify it he must. A regime, he knew, worked in a tradition, and the removal of it, however hateful, merely left that tradition to breed afresh. Hadn't he read somewhere that all revolutions are failures, but they are not all the same kind of failure? He had lived long enough in the country to see good intentions fail, to see loyalty consumed by a myriad treacheries and tyranny pass by unprotested. His cynicism led him to feel that even with a new pattern of power the same evils might well continue to circulate under a different currency.

His wife brought him back to the present; she had not observed his silence: 'What do you think these people want?'

'I doubt if they know themselves. If it's a revolution, they will all probably give different answers. First settle a few old scores, then quarrel among themselves afterwards.' He wondered if that was all the story. What was the good life really but a full stomach and the right to be left alone? Liberty, he had noticed, often burned with too bright a flame and there were many who sought to withdraw to the security of the shadows. Perhaps from there, he reasoned, still reluctant to give up all hope, something precious, something enduring, might later emerge.

She sat down near the door and began tapping the wooden arm of the chair nervously. She had been upset by his remarks. He felt sorry for her. She, too, lacked experience of this kind of thing and being mother to a young boy no doubt doubled her anxiety. He wondered if she would crack.

'It's just that quarrelling worries me,' she confessed, taking up his point. 'If the army is united, then some kind of law and order, I suppose, can be maintained. But what if the army is divided? That means civil war, doesn't it? Houses burning, bodies in the street? Being Europeans would make us their first targets.'

'There's no need to run on like that,' said Davis, checking her roughly. 'We don't know yet if it's as serious as that.'

'But we have to anticipate, haven't we? If there are mobs in the street, they'll make straight for us.'

The conversation was gathering intensity. Davis tried to

halt it with a yawn and a casual shrug: 'Personally, they can tear each other to bits so long as they don't do it in the front garden.'

His flippant sally did not improve matters. 'That's a feeble comment. Angry people don't discriminate like that. If they are violent, they are violent towards everyone, us included.'

'Time will tell,' said her husband lamely. He was trying to terminate speech now. 'I must say with these radios blaring out around us I don't feel in heroic mood.'

'Don't blame the radio,' she cried, her eyes glowing. 'I've yet to see you find that mood.'

Davis sat up sharply. The discussion had taken a dangerous turn. 'Thank you for the compliment, my dear,' he said. 'I suggest then that you go to the front gate and make enquiries.'

'It wouldn't be necessary to do that to show you up. In any case,' she added wildly, 'this is partly your fault, bringing me here to this place.'

'We have had this kind of argument before,' he reminded her. 'It's always inconclusive, so don't revive it. I know how you feel. Just try and relax a little.'

She would not be pacified. She sprang up from her chair and paced the room again. 'You came here because you wanted money,' she said, averting her face, punishing herself with the bitterness of memory. 'You said you wanted a higher standard of living. So now we have a big refrigerator and a car, and yet in four years I still can't speak the language and I daren't take the baby out on my own.' She began to cry and made no move to check the tears. 'We have some money in the bank, a house full of nice furniture, yet, like most foreigners, here we are, bored and miserable, secretly despising the people we work for, and they in turn hate us for our arrogance and our privilege. Our presence does neither of us any good. Now it seems we are going to lose the little that might have made our stay here worthwhile.'

'We are not going to lose anything,' returned her husband heatedly. 'You can believe whatever you care to if it brings you any comfort, but don't anticipate the worst.'

That was, in fact, just what Davis was expecting. He had been rapidly shuffling his cards of priority and had come to the disturbing conclusion that the only priority then and in any other contest was a safe skin. Family possessions, furniture, the bric-à-brac picked up in the course of their wanderings, all these seemed trifling when put against the larger issue of personal safety. It came to him with the force and pain of a

revelation to realize that perhaps his search for money, for security, had taken perverse forms and led him into a situation where it seemed he might lose all. Surely he had come here, he asked himself, because he genuinely believed he had something valuable to offer these people, regardless of the privileges involved? The question gave him little consolation. Always there was the nagging doubt that he was just as vicious, just as mean-spirited, as those whom he pretended to despise, the more so because in his highminded, intellectual way he had believed he was acting according to principle. He had, after all, sought not to change the situation but to accept it, as the only means of preserving his sanity. So he had persuaded himself at the time. But accept it he had, found himself a soft nest and as a foreigner condoned, by staying to watch, the sufferings of others, the poverty and the secret police. Wait and see—it had always been like that. He had forfeited the right, he told himself now, ever to speak out. It was much too late. He heard the door slam and was surprised to see her re-entering the room.

She answered his questioning look almost at once. 'It was Evans at the front gate—Evans, the area warden, you know.'

'From the Embassy? What did he want?'

'He's passing on instructions, it seems. He said to stay put. Keep off the streets and wait.'

'That's what I've been telling you, haven't I? Now perhaps you'll relax a little.' He offered to take her arm and lead her to a chair, but she shook him off curtly: 'I can't stay, I've got work to do upstairs.'

She left the room. From the street came the noise of sirens, the roar of a crowd, the shattering of glass. Davis in distress held his hands to his ears to keep out the sounds of his proud little world that was crumbling to a million pieces.

He was still lying on the couch when, ten minutes later, she returned. He jumped up in alarm. She had changed her clothes and now stood before him in her travelling suit, with the boy and a case in her arms.

'I want you to drive me to the airport,' she said coldly.

'What, in these circumstances? You must be crazy!'

'Evans said it would be all right,' she returned evenly. 'He ought to know.'

'What else did Evans say?' asked Davis, hoping desperately he would not get the answer he feared.

'He said there was a plane leaving in half an hour. The army has given permission.'

He sat down, his mind in a whirl. Here was a threat much

more menancing because it touched his heart and he was unprepared for it.

'Did you say you would be on it?' He heard himself breathe from a long distance away. His voice seemed to echo weirdly round the room.

'Naturally, I did. I couldn't speak for you but, as you still have a contract with the government, as far as we know, I assumed you would want to stay and honour it. I have to think of my child and that makes a difference.' She turned away from him. 'I'll go out to the car. See you lock up the house and bring the suitcase with you.'

The silence of the room was oppressive. There was so much that had to be explained, thought Davis, feeling the loneliness already, so many confidences that had to be exchanged, but all requiring mutual trust and, above all, time. He was crushingly conscious of failure.

He found himself standing as if in a dream nervously buttoning up his coat. Was he like the others, keeping away from the bright centre and hugging the skirting boards for safety?

He picked up the case. He wandered from room to room and checked all the doors and windows as if it were part of the daily ritual. He went out to the car. He took his place at the wheel, tried to smile, even at that point, reassuringly to the woman who sat white-faced and tight-lipped in the back seat, and reversed the car jerkily into the street.

There were few people nearby, but as he crossed two blocks and swung into the main street their number increased. They filled up the pavement and spilled into the path of the car. Army lorries loaded with soldiers passed him at speed. The men jeered when they saw his number plate. At the intersections, heavy tanks were stationed and anti-aircraft guns had been set up along the edges of the parks. Davis wound up the windows. He turned into a side street to avoid some of the traffic and came out at the railway bridge that crossed the river. Here an army officer and a patrol barred his way. A crowd gathered quickly.

The officer ordered him out of the car and demanded his identity card. He was polite but firm. Davis was more concerned with the others who pressed in close around him. Some of them jumped up on the car and began shouting. Others took up the chant in unison. Someone was busy painting slogans across the bonnet of the car. Davis was unsure whether to play for time and miss the plane, risking the dangers that menaced him, or try and hurry proceedings and so antagonize the crowd. Without

thinking he conjured up a friendly smile, tried to appear casual, joked with the officer, opened up the boot of the car when told to, chaffed some of the youths who were tampering with the tyres, knowing all the time that someone nearby whom he loved dearly was watching him in silence and with immense contempt. The mob became more noisy and threatening. The patrol forced them back, the officer urged him on.

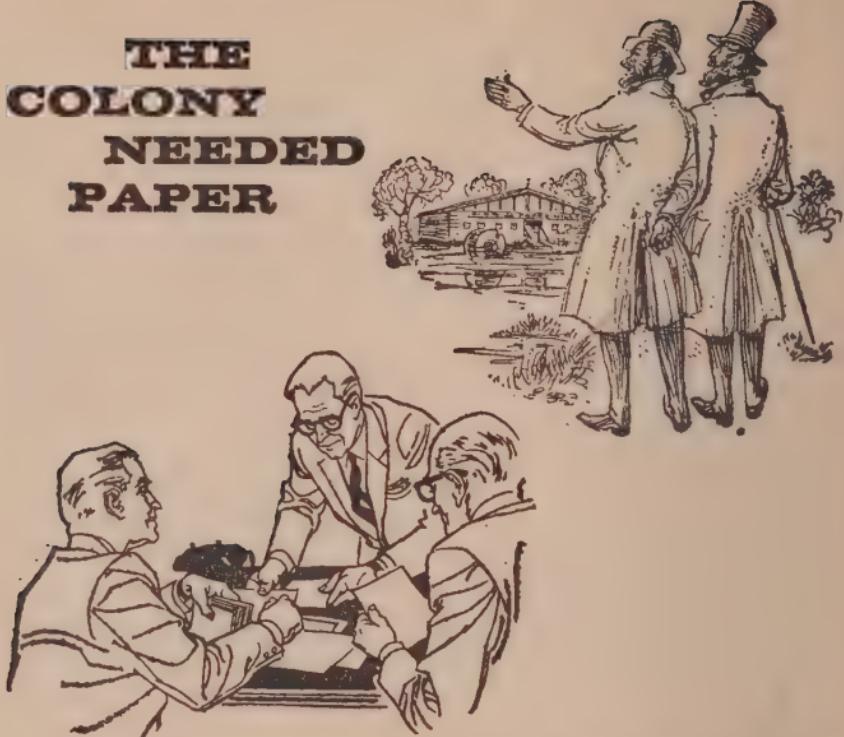
Davis drove the rest of the way with nervous care to the airport, through streets lined with troops and restless, sullen crowds, fearful lest another delay should further expose his frailty. All hope had been drained from him and only the sludge—fear and anger—remained. He held the wheel rigidly and moved up almost unseeing but with the greatest decorum to the airport building and the armoured cars posted outside.

A porter appeared and carried the suitcase off to the customs. An army sergeant stopped them as they entered the hall. Davis raised his hands high while a soldier searched him. His little boy, once put on the floor, scampered off excitedly to see the plane that was warming up on the strip. Another soldier sprang out, scooped up the child and brought him complaining back to be searched. Then they moved on to the customs shed. Davis yearned to draw them aside and offer up some sacrifice that might persuade them to stay, but the words stuck in his throat, and then Evans from the Embassy appeared unobtrusively and escorted them through the large swing doors to the other waiting women and children. A sentry halted Davis with his bayonet.

He watched his family through the glass door as they receded from him. He thought he saw his wife nod to him and turn the boy so that he could wave. The boy looked about the hall, searching for him. Davis, his face pressed close to the glass, waved frantically, but the boy did not see, for at that point he had sidled away and tripped over a suitcase. His mother held him stiffly by one arm and bent down to say something in his ear. The child twisted about and waved aimlessly at a wall. Then she led him round a corner out of sight.

Douglas Terry

THE COLONY NEEDED PAPER



In Australia's earliest days colonial government was hampered and harassed by paper shortages, so it is not surprising that paper-making became one of the new land's first manufacturing industries. The first mill was set up in 1818 beside a small stream in what is now Sydney's Centennial Park. Operated by two enterprising colonists, Fisher and Duncan, the mill produced paper from rags for some years — but then, because of circumstances of which there is no record, it fell into ruin. The Fisher-Duncan mill was the direct ancestor of all paper-making in Australia, today a tremendous and developing industry of first importance to the nation and its economy.

It was the forerunner of the company that is known today as Australian Paper Manufacturers Limited, which operates seven mills through the Commonwealth, produces hundreds of tons of paper-board and paper daily, employs thousands of Australian workers, plants millions of new trees, engages in continuous scientific research — and is owned by 27,000 Australians.



Buy Australian Made

AUSTRALIAN PAPER MANUFACTURERS LTD.

South Gate, South Melbourne.

Mills at Melbourne, Fairfield, Maryvale, Broadford in Victoria; Botany, N.S.W.; Petrie, Queensland; Bayswater, W.A.

"Sales Offices in all State Capitals"

BILLY BUDD AND THE CORPORAL

T.H. Jones

*I bless his story,
The Good Being hung and gone to glory.*
Herman Melville

THE American experience as it is reflected in American literature has always been tormented by the irreconcilable nature of its two dominant myths, the myth of freedom and the myth of innocence. American literature constantly shows us the American dream turning into the American nightmare. Cooper's Deerslayer, Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, Hemingway's Nick Adams, Salinger's Catcher in the Rye, are all desperate attempts to reconcile these myths, to demonstrate that it is possible (in America) to be both innocent and free. The books in which these characters appear are legendary books. They are better books than the social documentations of, say, Sinclair Lewis or John O'Hara or James Gould Cozzens, because of this legendary aura out of which they appear to loom at us. At the same time, because we take them as being legendary, we do not altogether believe them: neither Huck Finn nor Nick Adams, and certainly not Natty Bumppo or Holden Caulfield, has ever convinced us that it is possible, even in America, to be both innocent and free. This is why these books are, as legends should be, hauntingly sad. They all sound the note of *Nous n'irons plus au bois : les lauriers sont coupés*. In the end, both innocence and freedom are lost.

There are plenty of witnesses to the existence of the myths. Thus John H. Raleigh says: 'For centuries the dream of a sanctuary in the West has haunted the European imagination. . . . And America . . . was the literal incarnation of that dream. It has always been America's writers and intellectuals, those most haunted by the old dream of the old world, who have lamented the tarnishing of the myth. This they still do, for the question is still open.' This is a rationalized and self-conscious statement of what Noah Webster was saying in 1827: 'American glory begins at the dawn'; or a writer in the *New York Times Magazine* in 1952: 'In spite of everything we will stand at the beginning of spring, and the point of dawn.' Melville put it more memorably, more poetically: 'The world is as young today as when it was created; and this Vermont morning dew is

as wet to my feet as Eden's dew to Adam's', and again: 'The other world beyond this, which was longed for by the devout before Columbus' time, was found in the New; and the deep-sea-lead that first struck these soundings brought up the soil of Earth's Paradise.' Scott Fitzgerald put it somewhat rhetorically in *The Great Gatsby* (another sad, legendary, authentic book): 'For a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.' Thoreau expressed it forcefully: 'Eastward I go only by force, but westward I go free . . . I must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe.' And Emerson's expression is similar to Melville's: 'Adam in the garden, I am to new-name all the beasts of the field and all the gods in the sky.'

The American experience is always defeating this American dream; or in other words experience is always teaching that it is not possible to be both innocent and free (or even to be either—in which case the dream turns to nightmare). The violence of the torment caused by this perennial disillusionment is significantly pointed by the fact that the two American writers who have attempted to deal with the theme most directly have gone outside the American subject itself, in order, one must surmise, to obtain a better perspective.

Few writers are more distinctively, more 'natively' American than Herman Melville and William Faulkner; yet each has one important book which goes outside the American experience as such—and which is, I feel, all the more American for this very detachedness. In some obvious respects the books are very different. *Billy Budd*, Melville's last work, is short, clear, classical; *A Fable*, produced when Faulkner is still happily in full spate, is long, obscure and most unclassical. Fundamentally, however, these two so dissimilar books have a great deal in common.

The action of *Billy Budd* takes place in the year 1797 aboard the ship *Indomitable* of the British Navy. The eponymous hero of the story is a young foretopman, a prototypical 'Handsome Sailor'. He has been impressed from a merchantman into service on the man-of-war. There, his frank, cheerful, innocent nature and his ability as a seaman make him a favourite with officers and crew. But these very qualities of his arouse the obscure hostility of the Iago-like master-at-arms, John Claggart, who informs the commander of the vessel, Captain Vere, that Billy Budd is the ringleader of a proposed mutiny. Vere arranges for

BILLY BUDD AND THE CORPORAL

Claggart to make the accusation in the presence of his victim. Billy Budd's manly perfection is marred by one disability—in moments of emotional stress he stammers and loses the faculty of speech. Astounded and distressed by the master-at-arms' charge, he strikes and kills his accuser. For this, 'the divine judgment of Ananias' in Vere's private opinion, but 'navally regarded . . . the most heinous of crimes', he is tried and sentenced by drumhead court and hanged from the yard-arm.

The plot of *A Fable* takes a little more disentangling than does that of *Billy Budd*, but it may be outlined even more briefly. The action takes place among a confusion of armies on the Western Front in late May, 1918. In the French army a corporal and his twelve followers quite simply refuse to fight any longer. Their action is imitated by the armies on both sides, and the war on that sector of the front is brought to a standstill. For this mutiny the corporal is executed, so that the war may continue.

The story of the foretopman and that of the corporal have some obvious similarities. Both men are involved in the military organization in the time of war. Both are innocent: Billy Budd in almost all senses of the word; the corporal in the sense that his 'crime' is only such from the military point of view—from that of suffering humanity he is a hero and a saviour. Both are executed. In each case the sacrifice is apparently in vain. The official account of the fate of Billy Budd is desperately wide of the mark, containing phrases like 'vindictively stabbed', 'enormity of the crime', 'extreme depravity of the criminal'. Even the bluejackets who instinctively believe in Billy and to whom a chip of the spar from which he was hanged is 'as a piece of the Cross' also believe that 'the penalty was unavoidably inflicted from the naval point of view'. The corporal's end is even more ignominious than that of Billy Budd—no poem, even by someone 'with an artless poetic temperament', is written in his commemoration. And as the final ironic comment on the tragic waste of the Handsome Sailor's life is made by the erroneous official account, so the final ironic comment on the futility of the corporal's gesture is made at the Marshal's funeral six years after the Armistice, when the English ex-serviceman who is 'not a man but a mobile and upright scar' cries as he hurls his Médaille Militaire, 'the talisman of his sanctuary', among the crowd: 'You too helped carry the torch of man into that twilight where he shall be no more; these are his epitaphs: They shall not pass. My country right or wrong. Here is a spot which is for ever England—.'

What is most significant in these two stories is that they remind us, and are obviously meant to remind us, of the story of Christ. Both diverge from the Christ story, even as they differ from each other, but both are written with the Christ story deliberately in mind. And Christ is the only man, apart from the unfallen Adam, who has been both innocent and free.

Billy Budd is obviously a Christ-like figure in his innocence, his goodness, and his unjust death. Melville is at great pains to draw the parallel very closely. Captain Graveling of the *Rights-of-Man* from which Billy is impressed into the naval service testifies that Billy is beloved by his shipmates. His origins are mysterious: his appearance, expression and movements 'indicated a lineage in direct contradiction to his lot'. Vere calls him 'an angel of God'. His death is consciously written up with the Crucifixion in mind:

At the same moment it chanced that the vapoury fleece hanging low in the east was shot through with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

At the same time, Billy is of course very different from Christ. He is not at all free. Socially, he is not free because he is an impressed man on a naval ship in time of war—and Melville sarcastically underlines this point by naming the ship from which he is impressed the *Rights-of-Man*. Physically, he is not free because of his defective speech. Intellectually, he is not free because his innocence is very largely ignorance. Furthermore, unlike Christ, he is weak. Twice—immediately after the actual occurrence, and again when he is asked by the court if he has any knowledge or suspicion of 'incipient trouble (meaning mutiny . . .)'}—he omits, because of his 'erring sense of uninstructed honour', to report the incident of his temptation to mutiny. He is completely helpless before Claggart—and this helplessness is attributable to the fact that the 'spiritual sphere' is 'wholly obscure to Billy's thoughts'. And his intellectual and spiritual weakness is represented and emphasized by his resort to physical force—once, as reported by Captain Graveling, on board the *Rights-of-Man*, and again, and fatally, on board the *Indomitable*.

In his chapter on *Billy Budd* in *Melville's Quarrel With God*, Lawrence Thompson sees the story 'as a bitter comedy, in the satiric and sarcastic tradition of Lucian and Voltaire and Tom Paine'. Certainly the ambiguities of Melville's writing lend a great deal of support to this interpretation. Thompson, however, is endeavouring to prove the thesis that Melville's major

writing is deliberately anti-Christian. He sees Billy as Adam rather than as Christ (with Captain Vere as God and Claggart as Satan in a re-enactment of *Paradise Lost*—without Eve). When he considers the end of the book his interpretation shifts a little: 'In his innocence, Billy himself might be viewed as a Christ-like figure, forsaken, and about to be crucified.' (This is in order that the Chaplain's kiss may be that of Judas Iscariot.) Thompson's apparent confusion over Melville's 'mystery of iniquity' is pertinent here because, as Ursula Brumm shows in an article on 'The Christ Figure in American Literature' (*Partisan Review*, Summer, 1957) a metamorphosed Christ figure is a recurrent phenomenon in American literature, and his most frequent metamorphosis, inherited from Puritan tradition, is that of the 'second Adam'. 'In American literature, Christ has become an emblem for the man who suffers in spite, or perhaps because, of his innocence.' Whether Thompson is right or not in construing *Billy Budd* as the final statement of Melville's 'quarrel with God', his last testimony to the 'divine depravity' of the author of the universe, we may agree with Ursula Brumm's account of American novelists, including Melville and Faulkner, who 'present the essentially innocent man who meets an inexplicable and irredeemable adversity ("irredeemable" and "irremediable" are favourite words of Faulkner) in the very condition of life—an evil exceeding any social ill and something for which nothing in the man's view of life has prepared him. In that sense *Billy Budd* is really the prototype of the Puritan tragic hero: the innocent man encountering evil for which the creator alone is responsible—because he is the all-sufficient God of Calvinism.'

The anonymous corporal of *A Fable* is but the latest of Faulkner's typological representations of Christ (*The Sound and The Fury* is constructed on the chronology of Passion Week in 1928; Joe Christmas in *Light in August* is a Christ figure; and so in a different way is Isaac McCaslin of *The Bear*). The corporal's origins are even more obscure and mysterious than those of Billy Budd. As the God-like Captain Vere is a 'father' to Billy, so is the God-like general to the corporal. The corporal's message like Christ's is peace on earth and goodwill to men. He is followed and loved by simple humanity, but the forces of authority are against him. He has twelve followers, with whom he has a last supper. One follower betrays him; one, Piotr, i.e. Peter, denies him thrice; two others are called Paul and Jean (John). He has a Martha and a Mary and a Magdalene. He is executed between two thieves, and, like Joe Christmas at the

time of his slaying, he is at the time the same age as Christ at the Crucifixion. Like Melville, Faulkner writes up the death of his hero with the Crucifixion very obviously in mind:

The corporal's post may have been flawed or even rotten because although the volley merely cut cleanly the cords binding Lapin and the third man to theirs, so that their bodies slumped at the foot of each post, the corporal's body, post, bonds and all, went over backward as one intact unit, on to the edge of the rubbish-filled trench behind it; when the sergeant-major, the pistol still smoking faintly in his hand, moved from Lapin to the corporal, he found that the plunge of the post had jammed it and its burden too into a tangled mass of old barbed wire, a strand of which had looped up and around the top of the post and the man's head as though to assoil them both in one unbroken continuation of the fall, into the anonymity of the earth. The wire was rusted and pitted and would not have deflected the bullet anyway, nevertheless the sergeant-major flicked it carefully away with his toe before setting the pistol's muzzle against the ear.

No more than Billy Budd is the corporal free. He is part of the military machine: that is, he is social man, fallen man, at the extremity of his unfreedom. He is, one supposes, innocent by the implications of the story; but this is apparently an aspect of the story that Faulkner chooses to ignore, or at least not to dwell on. (He deals with it more obviously and with an irony comparable to Melville's in the case of Joe Christmas.) The corporal is, though, a much more complex figure than Billy Budd. It is significant that he is presented directly only in the central scenes of his imprisonment (and temptation) and execution; for the greater part of the book he is present, if at all, only obliquely and by implication.

Perhaps the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary book is the interview above the city between the old general and the corporal. Melville had had a last interview between Captain Vere and the doomed foretopman, but he dealt with it briefly enough:

Beyond the communication of the sentence what took place at this interview was never known. . . . The austere devotee of military duty, letting himself melt back into what remains primeval in our formalized humanity, may in the end have caught Billy to his heart, even as Abraham may have caught young Isaac on the brink of resolutely offering him up in obedience to the exacting behest. But there is no telling the sacrament. . . .

In contrast to this restraint and reticence, Faulkner devotes pages of his finest controlled rhetoric to the final interview between his two protagonists. This scene, in fact, and not that of the execution is the central one of the novel. It is also the one in which Faulkner departs furthest both from the Christ story itself and from Melville's version of it. For in this interview

the old general plays the role both of God and of Satan as tempter—a double role not altogether foreign to the Calvinist conception of God. The passage is notable not only for what I have called the controlled rhetoric of the general's speech, but also for the intensely dramatic effect of the corporal's reiterated replies: 'Yes', and (variations of) 'There are still ten' (meaning the ten followers left after the betrayal by one and denial by another).

'Now look beyond it [the city]. . . . The phenomenon of war is its hermaphroditism: the principles of victory and defeat inhabit the same body and the necessary opponent, enemy, is merely the bed they self-exhaust each other on: a vice only the more terrible and fatal because there is no intervening breast or division between to frustrate them into health by simple normal distance and lack of opportunity for the copulation from which even orgasm cannot free them. . . . A vice so long ingrained in man as to have become an honourable tenet of his behaviour and the national altar for his love of bloodshed and glorious sacrifice. More than that even: a pillar not of his nation's supremacy but of his national survival. . . . Oh yes, I can destroy you tomorrow morning and save us—for the time. For the length of my life, in fact. But only for the time. And if I must, I will. Because I believe in man within his capacities and limitations. I not only believe he is capable of enduring and will endure, but that he must endure. . . . Take my care and freedom, and I will give you Polchek [the Judas]. Take the highest of all the ecstasies: compassion, pity: the orgasm of forgiving him who barely escaped doing you a mortal hurt. . . . Take the earth.'

'. . . No, no, it's not I but you who are afraid of man; not I but you who believe that nothing but a death can save him. I know better. I know that he has that in him which will enable him to outlast even his wars; that in him more durable than all his vices. . . . Oh yes, he will survive it because he has that in him which will endure even beyond the ultimate worthless tideless rock freezing slowly in the last red and, heatless sunset, because already the next star in the blue immensity of space will be already clamorous with the uproar of his debarkation, his puny and inexhaustible voice still talking, still planning; and there too after the last ding dong of doom has rung and died there will be still one sound more: his voice. . . . I don't fear man. I do better: I respect and admire him. And pride: I am ten times prouder of the immortality which he does possess than ever he of that heavenly one of his delusion. Because man and his folly—' 'Will endure,' the corporal said.

'They will do more,' the old general said proudly. 'They will prevail.'

Both books are, as I have suggested, in a central tradition of American literature. As parodies of the Gospel narrative, they may be compared with two other modern novels which take Christ as a heroic model for their protagonists. In Nathaniel West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*, the central figure imagines that he is an actual latter-day Christ and is killed by one of his followers. In Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, the fisherman at the end carries his mast on his back like a cross, falling beneath his burden, and finally lies on his bed like one crucified with

his lacerated palms showing. Though both of these books have, in their different ways, great merits, neither of them carries the rich weight of *Billy Budd* and *A Fable*. Ursula Brumm says that the secularization of American culture finds a focus in the humanization of Christ, and that this humanization was foreshadowed in his Calvinist role of 'second Adam': '... the American Puritan's favourite parallel was that of Adam and Christ. ... Thus in the American tradition Christ from the beginning was seen as closely linked to man struggling with evil. ...' Similarly, in *The American Adam*, R.W.B. Lewis traces this tradition in the writings of several nineteenth-century authors including Melville.

Both books, as I said at the beginning of this essay, go outside the actual American experience. They are profounder than *Huckleberry Finn* even, because that masterpiece is limited by its nostalgia for a mythical innocence and freedom. *Billy Budd* and *A Fable* demonstrate that freedom does not exist and that innocence has a tragic fate. The choice of the British Navy and the French Army as the scenes of these stories is itself an oblique comment on the American myth of a possible innocence and freedom. These are books about the human predicament.

However we interpret Melville's intention (and I do not think final agreement on this point is possible), it is obvious that *Billy Budd* is to be taken as a figure of Christ as the 'second Adam'. It is equally obvious that the corporal of *A Fable* re-enacts Christ's life and death in a vain attempt to save man from the consequences of his own vice and folly. Both books, in fact, are demonstrations of a remark made by Theodore Parker, the Unitarian who played such a large part in the nineteenth-century secularization of Christ: 'There was never an age, when men did not crucify the Son of God afresh.' We may note one last contrast: *Billy Budd* is beautifully clear in details and outline, but ambiguous and obscure in intention, in total meaning; *A Fable* is all but hopelessly involved and obscure in details and outline, but quite clear and unambiguous in intention and total meaning—

'Because man and his folly—'

'Will endure,' ...

'They will do more.... They will prevail.'

Both of these books are war books, though we do not think of them as that. A measure of their imaginative superiority may be obtained by comparing them with even such a brilliant piece of writing as Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, which in its turn may be compared with Norman Mailer's *The Naked*

and the Dead. Melville and Faulkner have the advantage over the gifted Crane and Mailer in being traditional writers, that is, writers aware of the traditions of man.

We may see in both of these books, neither of which deals directly with the American subject, with Henry James's old bugbear of the 'complex fate' of being an American, the profoundest comments of two of America's profoundest writers on the old dream of America—the mythical belief in the possibility of being both innocent and free. For all their ambiguities and obscurities (and possibly their mutual incompatibilities) they are both shining examples of the richness and depth of the American literary imagination. This remains true even if we take Melville's expression as negative and Faulkner's as positive. Both are rich and subtle examples of what Richard Chase calls 'the profound poetry of disorder we find in the American novel'. We might fittingly leave them with the words of Robinson Jeffers:

*remembered deaths be our redeemers;
Imagined victims our salvation.*

T.H. Jones

RUTHERFORD

Douglas Stewart

Mostly too busy to think—too busy thinking.
But thinking was doing; there was such satisfaction
Watching those tiny comets darting and winking
It really left no time for speculation.
Thought would go outwards, expansion; his was a shrinking,
How to get mind and hand so small, that was the problem,
That in one final thrust of concentration
They would be able to move inside an atom.

It was the most fascinating thing in the world
And out of it too, like watching some new star:
To go in there and watch the atom unfold
Its innermost secrets, right to the very core
Where star within star the racing electrons whirled
Circling that radiant centre, the white-hot nucleus,
—Held in your hands, almost, huge as you were,
Pierced by your thought like a neutron. It was miraculous

Now out of steel and glass, coiled wire and lead,
The common stuff of the earth (what else could you use?),
Mere human powers could have conceived and made
These infinitely delicate instruments to pierce
Clean through matter to its end. But that was his trade;
He had it if from anyone from his father
And sometimes it seemed, alone in the universe
In the laboratory at night, they worked together,

That craftsman's hands still moving inside his own.
It was a haunted place, this tower of knowledge,
Calm with old books but wild with thoughts unknown,
All dark except for lamps like lights of courage
Where lonely scholars sought for truth in stone.
It shut the whole world out from a man and his work;
But while the white stars glittered above the college
A wheel moved somewhere far away in the dark—

And huge it was, and turned with a soft roar
Of air and water, and battered the dark and scattered
Dewdrops like stars and seemed itself the core
Of that clear atom of night whose peace it shattered
Under the mountain towering there once more!
It seemed the Rutherford's fate to start things moving.
Yet how the white snow sparkled, the stream glittered,
How tranquilly when his mind moved into morning

That waterwheel of his father's lifted up
Water and sunlight in its wooden hands
Where the weed grew like hair, then let them drop
Back to the stream that sang on over the sands.
Once it had turned that swamp of flax to rope
Useful to man, the river was free to be river
And on its own wheel of boulders wove its strands
Of silver light through green Taranaki for ever. . . .

Such thousands of miles from this great shadowy room
Where only, minutely exploding, the alpha particles
Flashed on the screen like sun-motes. But when he had time,
When he was quiet like this, alone among miracles,
Sometimes indeed his mind went wandering home
And, following his father's his life seemed queer and fated.
For while, even now, dripping its light like icicles
Under the mountain, that wheel still turned as he waited,

And farmers' drays ran jolting through frost and mud
And far by the emerald river and the wild hill
In long-lost Nelson wheels that his father had made,
And good wheels too, were serving the people still
—They carried the milk; they ground the flour for bread—
He too was making a wheel; but not for the water,
Not for the road or the mill, but such a wheel
He knew would carry men and all his future.

It was as if in one swift generation
He had bridged the years from the first men to the last,
Run the whole course of human civilization
Since some half-naked craftsmen far in the past
First shaped a wheel and set the thing in motion;
All moved on the wheel, and the force that drove the wheel,
And here in this spinning atom he had unloosed
Such motion and force as made the senses reel—

Or would, if you could not control them, but he could!
Dance then, you little atomies! He would untether,
Two jumps ahead of anyone else in the world,
The force that held the universe together
To take man on his journey, go where he would.
And truly, mastering these forces, he would go far,
Exploring into the dark blind mass of matter
Or up to the moon and on from star to star,

Where at last ended perhaps, or did not end,
The trend of all wheels, the highroad of human destiny.
There was a speculation! But when he scanned
One moment over the quadrangle glittering silently
That splendour whose faintest touch would scorch his hand,
Planet and comet and star, cluster and nebulae—
What was he doing with his finger in that immensity?
Wheel beyond wheel and world beyond world to infinity,

The universe turned and moved above him so vast,
Full of black space, the huge wheel slowly spinning,
He knew he stood with his specks of radiant dust
Not at the end of things but at the beginning.
Men would go striding on because they must
But what was he, the famous Lord Rutherford,
While there were still such vastitudes for winning,
But that old savage with his wheel? Good Lord, good Lord,

So much they would surpass him, those who came after,
What was he now but that small lump of boy
Who made his own miniature wheel to splash in the water
Such ages ago; working all day in the joy
Of pure and bubbling creation, copying his father:
Just so it was small and would work, just so it sparkled.
And yet the truth was, this was a dangerous toy:
The lightning swam there where those electrons circled.

Look at it this way, that way, face the thing squarely.
Could some fool in a laboratory, as he's said to Eve,
Blow up the world with this? You could pay dearly
For loosing the ancient giants out of the cave
And these were giants indeed. He had seen clearly
In flashes of the mind each atom exploding the next
To the end of the world, and the light came at him in a wave.
He stared at it over a desert. Eve was perplexed.

Whether he was joking or not. Well, he was joking.
There was no need to cower, and what was more,
Though sometimes he touched these things with his hands
shaking,

He did not propose to; he'd carry the load he bore,
Which was no light one, till his broad shoulders were aching.
But need not, except as precaution, think the unthinkable:
There was no chain-reaction could go so far;
The force must die out; the good old world was unsinkable.

So let his atoms be used to do men good
And nothing but good—pierce to the cancer cell
As the Curies were doing, bring him more health, more food,
Drive the turbine, the dynamo, turn the wheel,
Blow a mountain up if it got in his road.
Let him be master of air and earth and ocean,
The whole wide world and the stars if he liked as well.
He had not given his lifetime's skill and devotion

To bring man harm. And yet this thing was force;
And when could you give poor man and his five wits
Any new force but he would use it in his wars
And blow himself if not the whole world to bits?
Take off his trappings and, naked, hungry and fierce,
All over the earth, in jungle or civilized city,
Men were but savages yet; God help the poor brutes,
For this new power, appalling to love and pity,

Was force that no savage yet had dreamed of wielding.
Dare he release it? Alone in this still room
With those uncanny electrons whirling and shielding
The inviolable core, he felt he was living in a dream
And he saw towers falling and skyscrapers melting—
Fantastic, inconceivable; yet must be conceived.
Then you could turn away, pack up and go home,
Dismantling the apparatus. And he half believed

This moment that he could do it; get hold of a farm
Snug under snowy Egmont, beside the river,
And there when the frost melted and morning was warm
Stroll down to look at the pigs; there was much in favour
Of pigs, taken as pigs, life's earthiest form;
And in those paddocks there, starry with daisies,
Golden with dandelions, purple with clover,
(How rich was the land!) he'd have his herd of Jerseys,

And up in the dawn to milk them, harness the cart,
Off to the factory to yarn with others of his type
'Looked like a farmer, always a farmer at heart,
Corpulent, bushy-moustached, smoking his pipe,
Then feed the skim-dick to the pigs—it was a part
He had played in dreams, planted on that green shelf
With the cows and the oats and the turnips till he grew ripe
And simple and stolid as the good black earth itself . . .

Too stolid, perhaps. Well, you could hire labour,
A share farmer, say, and still find plenty worth doing:
Get on the County Council, do good to your neighbour,
Fix up the roads and bridges. And once you got going,
Why not keep on? Be Pungarehu's member
For Parliament, eh? Minister for Agriculture,
Prime Minister then, why not? There was no knowing
Where he would get to in that rustic future,

Who now had got to this room. And there already
That powerful body, that restless mind of his,
As soon as he looked forward with his hand steady
Were driving him still. . . . On just such a journey as this
Where he had climbed as high as anybody
And liked it, too, although at times it shook him.
He had enjoyed so much the work, the success,
Diversities sparkling like jewels wherever it took him.

'I'll dig no more potatoes!', so he had vowed
That day the telegram from Cambridge came,
And dug no more indeed, nor milked nor ploughed
Except in the great seas of thought and fame;
And where the surf broke high and white and loud
In wonder watched as island after island
Rose in his mind's eye with their dazzling gleam.
So he stood now, Earl Rutherford of Nelson,

The great sea-farer of science. But the room was silent.
Spare, so it seemed, looked in upon him like eyes
And it seemed possible in that shattering moment
That just to be a schoolboy winning a prize
He had ended or nearly ended man's life on this planet.
Then no and no and no, he could only assert,
That was not true! Impossible to disguise
That what he had found could do mankind grave hurt,

None graver; true, too, he could never go back
And share the old simplicities with his father.
Let them live on! But he had grown to like
This life of the mind where scientists met together
And felt they were priests and rulers. He liked to talk
With his great peers that language wrapped in mystery—
But he'd be plain if he could. No, it was rather
He liked the thought that what he touched was history,

As in truth it was; he'd have his personal pride.
A man alive must show what he could do.
But that was irrelevant, nothing; something outside
That final, inner truth so well he knew,
Always with that chill in the blood, when hands that had died,
Or hands not human at all, beyond his seeking,
Hands not his own, like a mist, came creeping through
His own at their work and made what he was making.

He was so clumsy and blind, beyond all patience:
But out of the dark, from nowhere, flashed the conception
Like force in the atom and filled him with its radiance;
And steadily, patiently, always in the right direction
Despite his stumbling it moved in him in silence
Until at last what it wanted to do was done.
All things, it seemed, moved through time to perfection,
Through earth and wood and flesh, through the mind of man.

But whether it was some quite unknowable powers
Dark and divine, or simply the spirit of the race
That moved in him and grew these hot small flowers
That bloomed behind lead for safety, when could you trace
Though you sat here watching and watching all the dark hours
Such an imponderable, such an unproveable process?
It was the solid facts he had to face.
Yes, but they gave the same clear answer of progress:

And it was not merely the hand upon the wheel
That led to this, but the whole drive of the mind
Since first that restless radiance tore at its veil,
Rock, flesh and sky, to seek what lay behind.
And what did lie, as the Greeks guessed so well,
Was the whirling atoms; and what was the implication
Of that, God alone knew; but here, combined,
Thought and the hand had lit our civilization

With what it had dreamed of: not just his own ambition
But all mankind's, Lord knows what power beside,
Came here to some great moment of fruition
And into the future cast its glittering seed.
So now in God's name, thinking of nuclear fission
And looking out of the window into the dark
Where lay the whole teeming world that man had made,
London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, New York,

How stop mankind destroying it? Easy to say
That only science could turn this force to destruction
And science must not; but fierily though it lay
On each man's conscience, there was such soft seduction
In science itself, and power and place and pay,
You could do evil or fall into taking a bribe
Almost without your knowing; and, clear of corruption,
Still you could make your conscience that of the tribe

And do its bidding without one trace of guilt
But rather, as he knew well, with a clear ardour.
And when the old passions were roused and blood was spilt
And the enemy hordes came swarming over the border
Like Gaul and the Hun again, like Scythian or Celt,
Civilized men in Europe killing and ravaging,
What else could man do but stand against the marauder?
That was the thing that must change, this pattern of savaging.

It was an old habit men had got into
Far back in the forest, grasping more food for the clan,
And served its purpose in quickening mind and sinew;
But now since it threatened the whole existence of man
We must not, could not, dare not let it continue.
And there was the crux, perhaps, in that word 'dare';
For never had there been such a weapon since time began
And men who would stop at nothing might stop at fear.

But this was the great high tide of power and thought
And not all men were savages—that was the certainty
That buoyed him up against these winds of doubt:
Think of such colleagues now as Hahn in Germany,
Good God could he cross the Channel and cut his throat?
Men had outgrown such horror. He put his trust,
Despite the whole long course of human barbarity,
In what must supplant it, the rule of the strong and the just.

There would be place enough still for all the old chivalry
While half the world was savage; but now began,
Now must begin, a clear new turn in history,
And there in his atoms, cramped in so small a span,
It glittered before him and rayed away out to infinity.
Now perilous and dark, how enigmatic a course
It seemed to set whirling there for the race of man
Now bound to the inmost force of the universe—

And yet as he looked at the sky so dark with warning
Vast over earth and its towers, the night heaved over
Close and familiar as a waterwheel turning
And shed its stars like drops of crystal water
And radiant over the world lay the clear morning.
Men moved in darkness truly, but also in the sun
And on that huge bright wheel that turned for ever
He left his thought, for there was work to be done.

Douglas Stewart

£ £ £ £ £'S

FOR ALL

... OR WHAT PRICE
PROFIT SHARING?

SEVEN years ago, a part-time backyard enterprise—today a multi-million pound organization with Commonwealth-wide distribution—that, in a nutshell, is the brilliant success story of Victa Consolidated Industries Pty. Ltd.

What is the secret of this extraordinary expansion? Primarily that Victa produces an exceptionally efficient and reliable rotary mower. But, perhaps equally important, that Managing Director, Merv. Richardson, the machine's inventor, has also built up a business ranking as a model in the field of staff relations.

At Victa every employee benefits directly from the firm's sales successes, receiving weekly a bonus based on that week's sales. Profit sharing is, of course, nota Victa invention, but Richardson has introduced one most unusual variation of



his own. No distinction is made in the size of bonus between employee and employee. Office girl or top executive, everyone is paid exactly the same!

The result — an enthusiasm that has rocketed Victa to the top, benefiting both staff and customers alike. Every Victa mower is built by men and women with ample incentive to do a first class job all the time; eager to create satisfied customers because owners' comments build sales. Every part of the Victa is checked with scientific precision; every mower is assembled and tested by people out to *prove* that no other mower, regardless of price, is nearly as good as a Victa.

VICTA CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.

Horsley Road, Milperra. N.S.W.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST

Manning Clark

IF YOU stroll down one of the asphalt paths which radiate out from the University of Malaya on the top of the hill you might think for a moment you were in Europe—an illusion which is heightened if you decide to enter one of the flats at the foot of the hill. For there the eye can rove over the material strength of Europe—the electric light, the refrigerator, all the gadgets to protect man against heat and cold and hunger and thirst. The eye can rove too over the symbols of Europe's spiritual sickness. They are on every shelf, miniature statues of Buddha, of Siva, the strident titles on the spines of the books, all those digests of the world's religions, and those anthologies designed to produce quiet minds.

I was sauntering down one of these paths one sultry Sunday afternoon in January 1956, wondering whether to drop in on Olive Porter who lived at Keppel Harbour. The trim lawns of coarse grass on either side of the path, the cultivated flower-beds, the clipped shrubs had nudged my mind towards Europe as a refuge from this garish light and the oppressive heat. Perhaps there would be a chance to talk about something which had been on my mind ever since we had arrived in Singapore a few months earlier, an uneasy sense of our future doom, a fear that we might be that third or fourth generation of Europeans on whom the sins of the fathers were to be visited.

I knew Olive would enthuse if I raised the subject with her. In her own way she had quite a special knowledge of human cruelty. Yet I hesitated about bothering her because I knew the subject would strain her. I had known her quite well years ago at the University of Sydney when she was studying to become a teacher. I had first met her shortly after the accident on that hot, blustery north-wind day in January of 1932 when a car knocked her down as she was crossing George Street. This branded her for life. I am not thinking of the marks on her body, only heaven knows they were bad enough—one lame leg, the thinning hair, and deep dark furrows ploughing their way through the fresh cheeks, leaving the tops of the cheeks puffy, with great bags of blue flesh forming under both eyes. I'm thinking of the new loneliness in her life, the loneliness of those who are surrounded by people anxious to help.

I remember first seeing her in the cafeteria at the University in 1933, sitting at a table with three other students—Dick Shaw who had a harelip, Eric Miller, a man with a high-pitched laugh, and Margaret Sudholz who was so fat she could not tuck her legs under the table when she was sitting down. But from where I sat you could hear people speaking about Olive as they passed.

‘There’s Olive, marvellous girl—must have a talk to her some day—’ or greeting her warmly.

‘Good to see you Olive, we must have a long talk one day, a really good chin-wag. I’m terribly sorry I can’t stop now.’

But of course, as I found out later, they never did. At least the normal ones never did, while the ‘odd fish’ as she called them swarmed round her like flies on a fisherman’s back. Sometimes a woman in the Student Christian Movement shared a minute with her, pulling a chair up close to hers. She would grip the back hard with her long bony fingers and move her head towards her, searching her all over with large wondering eyes, whispering, while holding her hands under the table:

‘But how are you, Olive? I mean really . . . how are you, in your self?’

At first she accepted the invitation to their weekly prayer meetings with the opportunity, as they put it, to talk things over in an atmosphere of Christian fellowship. For a while she liked it, because she believed she might find there the strength to tell them how she felt in herself. These were the days of promise, her early days in the Movement, but they did not last for long. After a while she began to feel uneasy, to dread the weekly gathering for Christian fellowship, because she wanted to talk about herself as a relief, but they, the other members, the normal ones, the unmarked ones, used this as the beginning, the raw material for their work, their subterranean satisfaction, which was to tell others how to behave. And it was all this advice, this criticism, this:

‘Do try, Olive, you’ll find it worth it’—
or, at the other extreme, this:

‘I feel we ought to feel intensely proud that God has chosen Olive Porter to teach us the meaning of Christian suffering.’

This harping on the need not to feel resentment made her feel she was being bullied, where she wanted love and understanding and indulgence.

Besides, why should she be accountable to them? Who gave them authority over her? Then there was all the talk about love and about loving your neighbour as yourself, and about loving

the black man because he was our brother too, about the love of Christ which made it possible for us, all of us, to love everyone. Week after week they talked about love, gushed about it, raved about it, while she sat there a vessel of hatred, of resentment and anger, wanting their pity, not all their talk about divine love and improvement. The thought of the weekly meeting became a nightmare.

It was Eric Miller who urged her to go to Christ Church, the Anglo-Catholic Church opposite the railway station. He was one of those young boys with soft down on his cheeks and a girlish laugh who used to sit with her for hours in the cafeteria talking about sin and damnation, and the prots, and all the harm they had done, and his hatred for the Hanoverian upstarts, and how he burned a candle every year on the altar at Christ Church on the feast of Charles the Martyr, and how he loathed this protestant money-bag civilization in Sydney and wanted to put the Stuarts back on the throne, and then there would be a decent legal code, a code a man could respect and not this present money-bag, Jew-boy code for the greedy and the brutal which made it possible for the prots, the Jew-boys, the swindlers and the wanglers to fill their money-bags while people like himself could be put into gaol for fifteen years just because they were like Shakespeare and Marlowe, and James the First, and even Christ himself. But these prots, these bullies, who confounded religion and morality, these upright men who drove the nails into our hands every day, because after all they had no need of Christ-like love and compassion because they did not know what it was to suffer—they did not need comfort for their ordeal, because no mark of Cain was stamped on their brows—not like you and me, my dear, not like you and me, as he used to wind up his talks to Olive. He believed these talks were motivated by a sort of companionship of those who bore the mark of Cain, but he wandered off into mockery to ease his own ache.

Olive did not know what he was talking about, except when he spoke about the ordeal, though she did not know why he should complain—he looked all right. A great deal of what he had to say made her feel queer, even dirty, and she wanted to wash herself all over after he had talked to her. Still he did persuade her to go to Christ Church. There she found the comfort, the strength she was looking for. She loved the dim light in the church, because then even the bags under her eyes felt lighter. She loved to hear one of the priests read from the New Testament in his soft musical voice, especially the lesson

which ended with the verse: 'In the world ye shall have tribulation and sorrow, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

A reverent hush would come over the whole church after I said that, and Olive would lean forward with her lips pouted in expectancy, with her left hand holding on to the seat in front just to make sure she was not the last to stand for the 'Nunc Dimitis'. Then there were those moments during the responses which contained a message for people afflicted like her—when the high falsetto voice of the priest warmed her heart:

'O Lord, make clean our hearts within us.'

Here was the great challenge for her, someone singing in an ineffably sublime way about her subject: How to keep her heart clean from resentment, how to stop burning herself out in self-pity, how to forgive others their happiness, those who were not like her, the normal ones, the ones without the brand of Cain. She once told me in a moment of great happiness that she used to rub the mark with her fingers during the responses. But sometimes in the dim light of the church she was not even aware of the mark. A miracle happened: she felt whole, and the anger, the hatred drained out of her heart, she felt clean. Here in the church she could sing about what she wanted. One day she would shout it out in public, she would shout it out to all those cruel people in the University cafeteria, the ones who always said they were going to speak to her but never did. Only Christ could keep her heart clean. Here, with fervour, she could join in the response:

'Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only Thou O Lord.'

She liked the sermons too, or rather some of them. She was bored when a cloud of anger passed over the priest's face and he told them of their great privilege to belong to the true Catholic Church, not the Roman branch, the men 'who had corrected Christ's work'. After all, what was Christ's work except to make clean our hearts within us? Was not the Christian message one of charity and the love of God? So why waste words as this priest seemed to revel in doing, in warning them about the whore of Babylon, or at the other extreme, against the proud and the stiff-necked who pinned their faith in private judgment in their own puny, frail reason, to work out the way to salvation? She was indifferent too when he preached about damnation because what did it matter to her if the damned were tortured in hellfire? That did not help her. She thirsted for eternity.

earned, strove for the day when 'this corruptible shall put on corruption'. That was what she wanted. She raced through the early parts of the Creed, mumbled them, waiting for that part at the end which was *her* creed, that great promise in the last paragraph:

'And I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.'

Like most people whose faith had performed the miracle of making the world bearable, nightmare speculations about eternity did not visit her either by day or by night. She never startled herself with a question such as: What if all the ones in the Church were raised just as they were?—The crooked crooked, the halt halt, the blind blind—what if, in eternity too, those women in the Student Christian Movement kept looking at her? No such doubts, no such anxieties ruffled her faith.

She would tell those cruel women in the Student Christian Movement what she affirmed. She would sing it to them:

'And I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Amen.'

Perhaps that would make them stop. Anyhow, what did they know about her great moment, the moment when she wanted to smile in recognition to anyone near who would understand? And surely those near her in the Church must all understand, because otherwise why bother to attend?

She could smile now, feel gentle and tender with everyone, even with the ones who had tormented her. Yet she knew that without this experience, without this love of Christ, the whole world, every living person, every living creature would become abhorsome to her. Disgust, that is what she felt without Christ, disgust and loathing, the mind feeding on these poisons. Yet knowing it was true—What St Paul said: 'He that hateth his brother abideth in death'—knowing that, feeling that, oh God how to escape that, because without Christ, that was how she felt. She felt in her bowels the great truth of his warning: 'He that is angry with his brother without cause shall be in danger of hell fire.' She knew that to be true, because until she had come to Christ Church she had been living in Hell.

And even with Christ, even with his love something still bothered her. There was Christ, but no one else, that is to say no one else came near her. They still passed her by with that wave, that hurried, embarrassed: 'Hullo Olive, must have a talk one day'. In between there was no one, or rather only the queer ones, the ones with a mark of Cain, the branded ones. So there she was, with Christ between her and bitterness, between

her and that other death, the second death, waiting, watching, yearning for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Christ had replied to the great yearning, the yearning for a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within her.

And each week the miracle happened: the anger, the loathing drained out of her as the service went on in the dim religious light of Christ Church until by the creed she was ready—ready for her great experience, her renewal as the priest with a wavy voice intoned those words:

‘I be - lieve . . .’

A wave of love for everyone surged up inside her. She saw beauty everywhere, on the faces of the people around her. Her body ceased to be vile, something to be hidden—Christ, the love of Christ, worked the weekly miracle in her heart.

That happened every Sunday—a spiritual refreshment, which had to sustain her through the week. Strong on Monday—fading, fading Tuesday . . . the old loathing and disgust back by Wednesday . . . the heart hungry by Thursday, wanting to tell someone, anyone, except the ones she knew—‘I’m hungry for Christ’—till separation, deprivation became unbearable and in agony of incompleteness she lived through Friday and Saturday, waiting for her one relief, that moment when the priest in a wavy voice intoned:

‘I be - lie - ve . . .’

and the tears of joy welled up behind her eyes, and spilt over on to her cheeks, and the words choked in her throat for very joy as she, with all the others, joined in the words:

‘. . . the Father Almighty maker of Heaven and Earth . . .’

She wanted to tell someone about her precious gift. . . . But with whom could she begin? Not with those cruel people in the University cafeteria, the ones who passed her every day, the very thought of them made her squirm, and not with the ones who sat with her, for had He not said: ‘Can the blind lead the blind?’ Somehow, she would have to escape the past, the hearties who did not have time, the healthy fresh-faced girls in their sports tunics, with the great bulges on their calves, and those men with flushed faces talking smut in whispers, and guffawing with coarse laughter as though an ape were running his hands over the body of the Madonna.

After the war Eric Miller put the idea of Singapore into her head:

‘You know Olive,’ he said, ‘if you really must teach in this age of the common man, then why not do it in Singapore? They have the reserved sacrament there.’

In some ways her life in Singapore resembled her life in Sydney. Every Sunday she went to the Cathedral Church of St Andrew for her renewal, and it was just like Christ Church, except for the fans, the glare and the clothes of the men and women. The weekly miracle still happened, when the priest turned towards the high altar and in a wavy voice intoned the words:

‘I be - lie - ve . . .’

The waves of tenderness still gushed out of her, but this time to the English, to the Eurasians, to the Indians, the Chinese, the Malays, even to the one Japanese in the congregation, the sole representative of that people who had tortured some of her fellow-countrymen during the war. Christ, the love of Christ, made her tender with everyone, yes even, as she used to tell me, with her Asian brother.

In some ways though I thought Olive had changed when I met her in Singapore towards the end of 1955. She dressed more ostentatiously, lacquered her fingernails, allowed the hairdresser to tizzy her hair—just to show that a Christian could take thought for the body. Anyone, she told me, who felt called to deliver a message could not impose two handicaps on herself—being a frump as well as a cripple. And this desire to proselytise for Christ, she told me, overwhelmed her the first time they sang the creed in the Singapore Cathedral. As she put it, were not the Asians cripples too? Did they not need a spiritual crutch? As soon as we met in Olive’s flat she began to tell me about the ones she hoped to do something about—not many, mind you, but a beginning, a grain of mustard seed.

‘You simply must meet Mary,’ she said. ‘No, she hasn’t got another name—she’s Eurasian. She’s awfully pretty, but I do wish she would stop fidgeting with the bangles on her arm. They put all their money into that sort of thing, you know. Strange, isn’t it? But as my mother used to say, we’ve all got to live our own lives. But as I was saying, we must do something about Mary. She got into the wrong hands here—you’ve no idea, the place is lousy with prots—Singapore’s full of them. And, of course, they only had to tell Mary Christ was an Asian, and that was that. Now, bless my heart and soul, I hear she’s talking to the Romans—not that I’ve anything against that. Some of my best friends are Roman Catholics. But do you know’—leaning forward on the divan—‘Lee tells me—you don’t know Lee, but he’s another one I must have a word to you about—Lee tells me—no, it’s too incredible—I can’t believe it. Our Mary, he tells me, is infatuated with Rome because of the name of the

Holy Mother of God. But I must tell you about Lee. He's Chinese. . . . Yes, devilish difficult to find out what's in his mind. But I think he really wants to go to the Cathedral, only he's scared Gupta will tease him about it. But of course, I keep forgetting you haven't met Gupta either. He's the other one who drops in from time to time. I ask him to come here to sort himself out a bit. One day I'll tell him he's a soul in Hell. You know he says he likes mankind. Not that it stops him sneering at me for belonging to the Swimming Club. But of course you don't know our Swimming Club. . . . Well when I tell him a club is like a home where you only invite the people like yourself, he snorts and raves, and shrieks at me in that high-pitched voice of his—what tiresome voices these Indians have—yes shrieks away that if I really believed all that stuff about Christ and loving everyone, then I wouldn't join such a club and insult the millions of Asians who aren't allowed in. Of course they exaggerate, you know. When I told him I had work to do there, that they needed a Christian witness, needed my prayers as much as he did, he snapped back at me—you'll find the Indians drop the mask quicker than the Chinese—anyone can pray, he said, but it takes courage to stand up to the English in Singapore.'

While Olive poured this out to me in a mood of what she called a believer's confidence, my eyes kept settling on the statues of Buddha and Siva which flanked a thirteenth-century crucifix on her shelf. Olive noticed this and commented:

'It helps them to see I'm sympathetic.'

I did not see her for a few weeks after that. I suppose it was the reference to sympathy which made a return visit seem attractive, for one always assumes that those who crave love and sympathy will understand those who are racked with guilt, and damnation. But it is not so.

I sensed almost as soon as I entered Olive's house that sultry afternoon that it was not the occasion to discuss doomsday for *orang putih*. Olive seemed desperately pleased to see me. She introduced me to Mary, who giggled. We shook hands and then she started to fidget with her bangles. Then I shook hands with Lee, who followed the Buddha's advice when he met me, and averted the eyes; and then with Gupta who made me suffer, because . . . well, there are Indians who can make you feel in a handshake that you are responsible for all the crimes of the white man since that day when he made his first proud boast at Malacca. Gupta was one of them.

But Olive soon swept such thoughts out of the mind:

'I'm going to put you down next to Mary,' she said, 'because I think you two would have a lot in common.' A remark which started up the giggles in Mary again, and quite febrile fidgets with the bangles. Olive reached out with one hand for the shelf to steady her while she writhed her body into position with each arm stretched along the polished shelf, looking as though she needed such a crutch, while she took up the threads of the conversation before I entered: 'I'm glad you decided to drop in, Charles,' she said, 'because Lee here has been telling us how surprised his brother was to find people in Melbourne were nice and friendly to him and I was about to tell him when you came in there was no problem for me because the love of Christ had made it possible for me to love my Asian brother. . . .'

And she looked at Mary, and at Lee and at Gupta tenderly, compassionately—though not without condescension. I noticed her eyes were moist, but that even in a moment of exaltation, a moment of giving herself, the body remained taut. I really think she would have begun to cry, and wanted them to cry too, as though the tears of all of them would symbolize their mystical communion, their passing into a state beyond pain, and ridicule, and hatred, as though Christ, their talisman, had lifted them to such a mood, had vouchsafed them such a vision that they would not want to hurt and destroy. . . .

Mary cheated her of this moment by a giggling fit, a paroxysm of giggling during which she managed to gasp words out of her shaking body in snatches:

'It's—it's the love of Christ—which makes—which makes Olive like us!'

Lee's face was immobile, and I was far too inexperienced then to read his mind—as though one could find a meaning in a blank sheet. Gupta exulted in silence, because at such a moment silence was more wounding than speech. Slowly a very pleased smile stole over his face, as it steals over the faces of all such men when the behaviour of their enemies stirs whispers in their minds that theirs is a righteous anger, theirs a righteous hatred.

Within a few weeks Olive's remark had gone the rounds in Singapore. Students roared with laughter when Gupta retailed it. Up and coming English civil servants dined out on it. An elegant hostess begged: 'Do tell us about that priceless remark by that Australian gel!'

And I wondered then as I wonder now why she of all people should be brought to derision.

Manning Clark



THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

A purely mutual All-Australian Life Office

PROVIDES A COMMUNITY SERVICE

It encourages and rewards thrift

It enables its Policyholders to provide for their future and for their dependents at a time when such provision is mostly urgently needed

The whole of its distributable surplus goes to the Policyholders in the form of bonuses

It enables investments of up to £400 a year as a deduction from Income for Taxation purposes

THE INVESTMENT OF THE POLICYHOLDERS' FUNDS ASSISTS —

The development of Australia by large subscriptions to Commonwealth Loans and loans raised by semi-Government and Local Government Bodies

The provision of homes for the people by Loans to home purchasers

The development of primary industries by rural loans

The development of secondary industries by loans and by purchase of shares in industrial undertakings

THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Incorporated in New South Wales, 1878

HEAD OFFICES:

N.S.W.: City Mutual Building,
60-66 Hunter Street, Sydney.
Telephone: BW 2021.

Q'LAND: City Mutual Building,
307 Queen Street, Brisbane.
Telephone: 31-2371.

W.A.: City Mutual Building,
62 St. George's Terrace, Perth.
Telephone: 23-1451.

VIC.: City Mutual Building,
459 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Telephone: MB 2561.

S.A.: City Mutual Building,
118 King William Street, Adelaide.
Telephone: W 7031.

TAS.: City Mutual Building,
22 Elizabeth Street, Hobart.
Telephone: 2-2504.

FREE VERSE: A POST MORTEM

A.D.Hope

FREE verse has not died out. It is, I believe, happily on the decline and few serious poets now bother with it. But it is still a very common cheap and popular substitute for poetry, and critics of literature continue to treat it with a consideration it does not deserve. This is therefore not so much a post-mortem on a dead body as on a body which never was alive at all. But it did impose its spurious imitation of the living reality on a whole generation of poets and their readers, whose ignorance of the real nature of verse concealed from them the impudence of its claim to be either verse or free. Because this ignorance still persists and because the claims of free verse are not only fraudulent but harmful to real poetry, it seems worthwhile to examine and expose them.

Free verse, as a movement is about a hundred years old—it began to influence the poetic tradition with the publication of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* in 1855. Those who defend free verse sometimes try to give it a more respectable pedigree by pointing to experiments like the choruses in Milton's *Samson Agonistes* or the cadenced prose of Macpherson's *Ossian*. But these were, and remained literary curiosities which had no perceptible effect on the tradition of English verse. It is interesting to reflect that Whitman too might have remained in the class of literary curiosities but for the transplanting of the idea into French poetry and its replanting in a more virulent form into English poetry somewhat later: a process resembling that by which certain parasites, like the tapeworm and the liver fluke, only become dangerous if they are able to carry out their stages of growth in the bodies of several types of animal in succession.

Whitman himself had no explicit theory of free verse, and the literary storm which raged round *Leaves of Grass* does not seem to have had any serious effect on the practice of English poetry in the nineteenth century. It was in France at the end of the nineteenth century that what seemed an amusing but harmless eccentricity took root and there incubated a variant form capable of re-infecting English poetry and causing a destructive epidemic. The carriers of the disease in this case appear to have been two expatriate Americans who became French poets: Francis Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill. With Gustave Kahn and Laforgue, they helped to develop a new and

virulent form of the Free Verse theory among the decadent symbolists of the turn of the century. It remained for two other American expatriates, T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound to catch the new form of the infection and transplant it, together with the decayed matrix of symbolist technique and theory back to England. In 1912 Pound began its spread in England with the first Imagist anthology. From England, mainly by way of Marion Moore's journal *Poetry*, published in Chicago, it spread back to America where it developed to plague proportions, and, like the great influenza epidemics of the period, spread to every country in the world. For a time it became part of the 'Modern Movement' in poetry and a hall-mark of the intellectual and progressive poet as opposed to the academic and traditional versifier.

In the last ten years, however, its vogue has suddenly gone. It is no longer smart and progressive to write in free verse and those who continue to use it now look a little shabby and old-fashioned to a new generation of poets and readers with their own ways of being up to date and in the swim.

In the nineteenth century free verse was often a kind of political gesture. Poets of the left cast off their chains of metre, as part of their repudiation of the tyranny of the old regime. Whitman himself seems to have thought of his verse in this way. It was a return to natural, democratic expression, to something more primitive and elemental. The free verse of Whitman was, as he described it himself with some complacency, a 'barbaric yawp', and that was how it struck his contemporaries. It was a challenge to traditional forms of verse, but not a very serious one. You might prefer a barbaric yawp to the eloquence of the Muses, but at least you were not likely to confuse one with the other. So it turned out that the position of traditional poetry was secure enough from assault from without. But the form the theory took among the symbolists was much more insidious and therefore more dangerous. We find Gustave Kahn in the preface to *Premiers Poèmes* in 1897 arguing that free verse is not an alternative to regular forms but simply a more subtle and developed extension of them. It is the regular forms which were crude, primitive and limited, and the alexandrine is perfected by free verse, not destroyed by it. The free verse poets are doing no more than the romantic poets did when they too 'modified' the classical French alexandrine. The evolution of poetry has proceeded step by step from a period when all poets were bound by the same rhythms to the same impersonal expression, and great poets like Corneille or Racine only produced individual

masterpieces in spite of the poor and primitive techniques at their disposal. It has now reached a perfection in which each poet has at his disposal a personal and private rhythm for the exact expression of his individual lyric gift.

It was this specious argument which was carried over into the imagist profession of faith; the second article of this creed was:

To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods—and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not insist upon 'free verse' as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of the poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms.

The new free verse, therefore, tended to be esoteric and delicate, seeking for nuances of cadence and rhythms expressive of exquisite velleities of feeling. Whitman's 'barbaric yawp' was replaced by Hilda Doolittle's tender phrasing of a momentary impression captured in a cool, detached image. The democratic rhetoric of *Leaves of Grass* had given way to the coy, allusive, intellectual mannerisms of *The Waste Land*. And this corruption of the garrison from within succeeded where the barbarian assault from without had failed. The snob-appeal of the new free verse was effective where the democratic intransigence of the old had made no headway. In order to answer the claims of free verse it is therefore necessary to refute two arguments: One, that free verse replaces a worn-out, artificial and obstructive prosody with something better, more natural and more spontaneous; the other, that free verse is simply the final evolution and perfection of principles of rhythm inherent in the older prosody which was ignorant of the full resources of the language. It is necessary to answer the arguments both for what the French call *vers libre* and also for what they call *vers libéré*.

The starting point for both answers is an understanding of the real nature of the rhythms of traditional verse. Whether the argument against traditional verse forms is that they are so effete and exhausted that no new effects are possible, or that they are too primitive, coarse and thumping to express the individual rhythms of a modern sensibility, the fallacy in each case is the same. It consists primarily in a confusion of rhythm and metre. The elements of rhythm in most languages are the same, they consist in alternations of various kinds. The alternations of sound and silence are the simplest and most basic, so that the pauses in continuous speech, such as those we mark by punctuation, form a natural irregular rhythm. Then the alternation of stressed and unstressed or lightly stressed syllables forms another natural rhythm, and as these form themselves

into groups, corresponding to the sense, or prose feet, of a wide variety of forms, this rhythm of varying stress imposed upon the rhythm of alternating sound and silence can form extremely rich and varied patterns. Then there is a rhythm formed by the alternation of long and short syllables and another formed by the alternation of the different degrees of pitch that each particular language distinguishes. Finally there is an extremely complex rhythm formed by the alternation and recurrence of sounds of various quality (what is sometimes called verbal music) and in its more deliberately contrived effects it is familiar to us as assonance, alliteration and rhyme. The rhythmical pattern of even the most clumsy piece of prose or the most incoherent speech is therefore extremely complex. But it need not be pleasing or rich. We distinguish nervous, lively, interesting speech or prose by the degree to which it organizes and orders its rhythms. By the use of certain repeated sorts of cadence as in liturgical prose or the so-called verse of Walt Whitman, prose can even be given a principle of recurrence or expectation, but in general the rhythms of prose are subordinated to the semantic pattern of thought. It is the structure of the sentence which determines their rhythms.

Verse employs another set of rhythmic devices in addition to the natural rhythms already described. This is what we call metre. The essence of metre or measure is that it is an organization of rhythm on a basis of recurrence or expectation. The alternation of stressed and unstressed syllables occurs in a regular pattern in English—other languages like Latin use an alternation of long and short syllables and some, like classical Arabic, have both metrical stress and metrical quantity as a basis.

Now the problem of writing verse is that the poet is not faced with a simple choice between regular and irregular rhythms; he must have them all for they are all part of the language he writes. He cannot change the natural prose stresses of words or their groupings. He has therefore to fit one set of rhythms into the other so that the expectation of a regularly recurring stress pattern is satisfied and yet the natural structure of the language is preserved. When we actually read poetry, instead of mechanically scanning it, we assemble the words into their natural groups according to the sense, the rhythms they would have in prose. We do not read:

Shall I compare thee to a sum.mer's day

which is the pattern of the metre, iambic pentameter: what we read is more likely to be:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day

which is the prose grouping of the words according to their sense. Yet we hear the metrical pattern *through* these prose rhythms. One is, so to speak, counterpointed against the other and the rich and enchanting harmonies of the best poetry are due to this interplay of two sorts of rhythm. The job of a competent poet is to see that the prose and the metrical groupings both harmonize and preserve an essential tension and distinctness. If the two coincide too much he will produce a monotonous, unpleasantly sing-song effect. But if they do not coincide enough, the verse will be either flat and lifeless or halting and clumsy. The variety, music, and colour, the effect of natural ease within a disciplined movement, the heightened tension and elastic force that we associate with poetry is almost entirely due to the skill with which the two sorts of rhythm are fused in one delightful effect.

It is obvious then that two of the claims of free verse must immediately fall to the ground. In the first place its claim to be richer and more free and various in its rhythms compared with the simple jog-trot of metre is seen to be a delusion. The metrical form includes the prose rhythms on which free verse alone depends. And free verse sacrifices at a blow the principal means of heightened tension and richness of texture which arise from the interweaving of one type of rhythm with the other; the whole orchestration of these harmonies is sacrificed to the comparatively tame manipulation of prose rhythms at one level only. To an ear attuned to poetry, the effect of free verse is rather like that of trying to get the same pleasure from dancing after the orchestra has left the ballroom and when the dancers have to improvise their steps as they go along—it may have its moments, but on the whole it is bound to be a dreary and shuffling affair. In the second place it is clear that the main argument against the regular forms: that their possibilities are soon exhausted and that the poets in time are reduced to stereotype effect, is absurd. The principles of variation within the iambic pentameter line can be calculated and they provide inexhaustible variety. Any foot can be replaced by a trochee or a spondee; the caesura may occur after any syllable in the line; more than one substitute foot or more than one caesural pause may occur in various combinations; any line may be end stopped or run on. When one calculates the number of possible combinations of these varieties of the metrical form with the different possible prose rhythms, rhythms of length, pitch and vowel and consonantal quality, the varying speeds and effects produced by different combinations of short and polysyllabic

words, the mathematical estimate of the possible number of rhythms for a single iambic pentameter line will run into hundreds of thousands. But the single line is of course itself only a unit in the building up of richer and more complex rhythmic effects each with its balance of regular against 'natural' rhythmical forms. One could point to the range of effects in blank verse, where the periodic rhythms of the sentence and the paragraph, give so wide a range of harmony and texture weaving through the march of lines. One could point to the almost infinite range of sentence rhythms within the same stanza form and the enormous range of the stanza forms themselves. Once again the effects and resources on which prose rhythms depend at the level of period, paragraph and chapter, the rhythms of massive structure, are inherent in the structure of regular poetry and form only one part of its resources.

What then becomes of the attempt of free verse to rival the effects of poetry while confining itself to the resources of prose? The effects of poetry are not mysterious, though they may not be capable of minute analysis or reduction to formulas. If they produce an effect of greater tension, a higher excitement, and a richer texture and harmony, it is because poetry is different in structure from prose, and it is therefore foolish to expect the more limited and different resources of prose to produce these effects. I have already pointed out what these extra resources are. The immense resources of variety within regular verse come from the basic expectation of a regular pattern, which constantly varying never disappoints that expectation of regular points of return within the line, of rhyme, of alternation of line with line in the stanza. It is this which gives good poetry its tension, its elasticity, its feeling of grace, vigour, purposeful and delightful movement. But in free verse there is no point of departure and return. Each variation in rhythm is simply a variation from that of the last rhythmic group and where all is variety the end is bound to be monotony. The tolerable free verse poems, in fact, are all short.

The truth about free verse is that it is not free and it is not verse. It is not free because it has no discipline by which its freedom may be assessed. It is not verse because it has neither measure nor metre. And it is here that the absurdity of *vers libéré* becomes clear. The effects of all things, natural or contrived, are the results of the sorts of things they are; form determines character and if you change the form you get a different effect. Arrange atoms of carbon in one way and you will get black, greasy graphite; in another way and you will have the

hard and brilliant effect of the diamond. The material is the same, the form is different. The theory of *vers libéré* is roughly that regular verse passes over into irregular verse by a constant gradation of intermediate forms and that the character of poetry is common to them all. The cruder effects belong to crude repetitive rhythms, and as verse is successively freed of these it becomes subtler and capable of purer poetic effects. The mistake in this arises from a simple misinterpretation of an historical change that is always going on in poetry, a process by which its life is preserved and renewed.

We have already seen that this life depends on a tension between two sorts of rhythm. Geoffrey Tillotson in his book on Pope, remarks that 'it seems a law . . . that metre should work by expectation rather than by surprise'. Now surprise comes from variations on the pattern that metre leads us to expect. Without expectation of one thing we cannot be surprised by another, which is why free verse in spite of its variety rarely gives us those shocks of delicious surprise that real poetry always affords. Surprise is dependent on expectation. But it follows from this that there is a natural limit to the amount of variation that any verse form will bear. After that point is passed the pattern on which expectation is based is lost or so badly damaged that we accept any variation on it without any sense of surprise at all. There is in the variation of any pattern a point of no return, a point at which it ceases to be a definite pattern. On the other hand in the practice of poets at any period there are always certain variations of the expected pattern which occur so often that they become part of the expectancy and lose their quality of surprise and poets are driven to find new variations. So that there is always a tendency within any verse system towards more and more refinement of effects or towards more and more drastic departure from regular forms.

If you follow the history of a form like the heroic couplet from Chaucer to Martyn Skinner, for example, you will find a very interesting thing. The expectations are never entirely fixed, they are always being extended or contracted. Certain variations on the expected pattern, with constant occurrence become part of the expectation. New resources of variety have to be found and the structure becomes successively loosened and relaxed until in certain passages of Donne's *Satires* there are so many multiple caesuras, run-on-lines, inverted and substitute feet that expectation is almost lost. Then the opposite process begins. Waller and Denham begin to restore expectation and reduce variety; the caesura more often falls about the middle

of the line, more lines are end stopped, substitute feet are more tactfully and less plentifully used, until in Pope the optimum of speed, balance and elasticity is reached, to be overpassed in some of Pope's successors; then the pendulum begins to swing the other way. So that each generation of poets sets its successors new problems in metrical pattern to solve—provided that all goes on within the traditional forms. Our age is the first to think it could improve on its predecessors by breaking down the principles of verse altogether and looking for substitute forms. It was an age which, finding itself at the end of one of those periods of loosening of metrical structure, in its ignorance of the actual anatomy and physiology of verse, imagined that there was no real dividing line between prose and verse at all and that the effects of one were somehow interchangeable with the other. The confusion was increased by the habit of arbitrary arrangements of the 'lines' of free verse. This meant, as the eye has the natural habit of observing a pause at the end of a line, that what was in fact a passage of prose had imposed on its natural prose rhythms, a set of arbitrary, meaningless and usually quite pointless artificial pauses—and it was these which constituted the *verse* of free verse. The truth of this can be tested in practice by printing any piece of *vers libre* as prose. The illusion then disappears and it is almost impossible for anyone who does not know the original line arrangement to restore it. Let us test it without more ado:

Three white leopards sat under a juniper tree in the cool of the day,
having fed to satiety on my legs my heart and my liver and that which
had been contained in the hollow round of my skull. And God said:
Shall these bones live? Shall these bones live?

That is a plain passage of prose though it comes from a work treated with the greatest reverence as poetry by contemporary critics. The claim of free verse is that it creates rhythms which, unlike the coarse and generalized rub-a-dub-dub of regular verse, are the precise expression of an individual and unique mood and nuance of thought. But what is gained or lost by printing this passage from T.S.Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* as follows:

*Three white leopards
Sat under a juniper tree in the cool of the day,
Having fed to satiety on my legs my heart and my liver
And that which had been contained in the hollow
Round of my skull
And God said: Shall these bones live? Shall
These bones
Live?*

or indeed in any other arbitrary arrangement, including the one actually chosen for it by its author. The poets of half a century or more ago, who wrote what they called 'prose poems' were in fact more honest. The prose poem did not pretend to be what it was not. It was prose attempting to reproduce the effects of poetry by using all the ornaments of poetry but not its form. The effect was meretricious and unconvincing and demonstrated, if demonstration was needed, that the structure of regular verse is something more than a pretty trick. In the same way one has only to look at some examples of so called *vers libéré* to see that for the most part it consists of broken down iambic pentameter verse, and that as soon as a point is reached when the pattern of recurrence is lost, the expectation vanishes and what we have at last is prose in an arbitrary line arrangement. Mr Graham Hough in his Warton Lecture for English Poetry in 1957 admitted that *vers libre* was for the most part merely prose in masquerade. He tried to save the day for *vers libéré*. Discussing some lines from T.S. Eliot's *Prufrock* he shows that for all their irregularity they do contain blank verse: 'they can be read as a perfectly natural development of Jacobean blank verse, handled it is true, very freely, but with the same kind of freedom as that employed by the dramatists we know Mr Eliot to have studied'.

Let us not admit for the moment, that a great deal of nonsense has been talked about the dramatic verse of Jacobean plays, and that in Mr Eliot's case this nonsense has amounted to special pleading for his own particular prosodic nonsense. Let us see what Mr Hough makes of the lines in question:

*The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes
Licked its tongue into the corner of the evening*

He reprints it as follows:

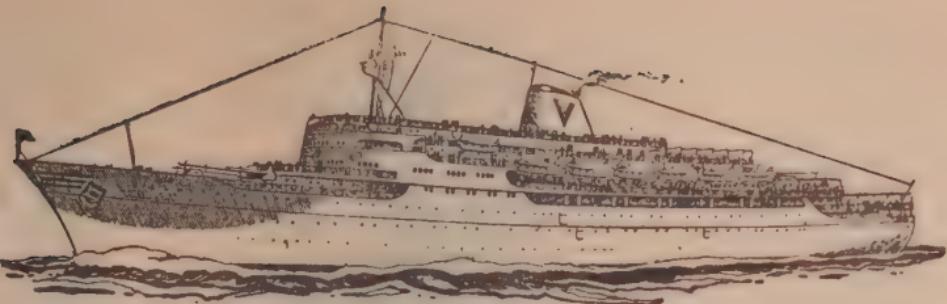
*The yellow fog that rubs its back upon
The window-panes, the yellow smoke that rubs
Its muzzle on the window-panes, licked
Its tongue into the corners of the evening*

'It becomes', he says, 'perfectly recognizable blank verse, though it is not printed as such.' One can only remark, while it might have passed as prose, it is about the flattest and most incompetent blank verse one could look to see, and that bad and corrupted verse masquerading as prose is no more likely to be poetry than prose masquerading as verse. *Vers libéré* is in fact verse from which nearly all the vitality, grace and tension has

been removed by breaking down its metrical structure almost to the point where it passes over into prose. A whole generation of poets has followed T.S. Eliot into this waste land of prosody where verse half dead, trails its flabby rhythms and dispirited cadences across the page, on the plea that the old forms were dead and that this moribund prosody was a means of resurrecting the divine dance of language.

But there is another aspect of the historical process which makes nonsense of the idea that the traditional resources of metre can ever be exhausted or that the old forms can ever be regarded as dead or unusable. Not only do the metrical forms renew themselves as such in the way I have suggested, but the rhythms of poetry would always be intrinsically self-renewing even if the actual metres remained a rigid pattern from generation to generation. For the rhythms of poetry, as we saw, depend on an elastic tension and harmony between metrical pattern and prose rhythms. But language changes from generation to generation. Its pitch, its prose rhythms, its pronunciation is always subtly changing like its vocabulary. One of the delights of reading the poetry of the past is to catch the echoes of living contemporary speech and to see how different the rhythmical effects it draws from the same metrical devices in different ages. Now a new poetic style, if it is alive, usually begins from the rhythm of contemporary speech. As the style develops it tends to become fixed until it has become a poetic language, distinguished as a literary dialect from what is by now contemporary speech. Then a new poet of genius restores it by going back to contemporary language once more. What Chaucer, Shakespeare, Donne, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson and perhaps W.H. Auden have done in their time may be done again. The language itself provides continual new resources for rejuvenating the traditional patterns and providing them with new and yet traditional music. The whole notion that the capital resources of poetry were limited and would one day be exhausted is no more than a bogey based on ignorance of the real nature of language. Not only is the remedy of free verse a bogus remedy, the disease it pretends to cure is a popular delusion.

A.D.Hope



T.V. FAIR SKY — THE NEW SITMAR FLAGSHIP

SAIL WITH SITMAR

*to England or the continent
on fully air-conditioned
one class liners.*

Maintaining a regular schedule to Naples and Southampton by way of Suez or Panama Canals, these modern, one-class liners provide fast, comfortable and fully air-conditioned travel at surprisingly moderate fares. Special concession rates are available for onward transportation from Naples to principal European cities, or from Southampton to Holland and Germany.

BOOKINGS AT ALL LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS





"Neither a borrower nor a lender be . . ."

Such was the advice of Polonius who, in happier circumstances, might have been Hamlet's father-in-law. But no one with the slightest understanding of modern economics would expect this maxim to be heeded to-day.

Credit is indispensable to progress and development. All phases of production and distribution require finance in some form or other. To meet this need institutions have evolved to mobilize otherwise idle funds and to channel savings into productive fields of investment.

Pre-eminent among such institutions are Australia's great free-enterprise banks. With generations of experience behind them these banks are well equipped to continue their leading role in Australia's development.

Moreover, by engaging in active competition one with the other, they help to preserve the freedom of choice so essential to a free society.

Issued by the Research Directorate, Australian Bankers' Association, members of which are:

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND BANK LTD.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE

THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

THE COMMERCIAL BANKING COMPANY OF SYDNEY LTD.

THE ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND AUSTRALIAN BANK LTD.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

THE SHEEP'S-EYE VIEW

E.O.Schlunke

TO THE ordinary sheep, all humans are alike. But to an experienced traveller like me, who's been owned and handled by so many different men, they vary nearly as much as sheep. Now, take the average young sheep that's living on a farm; he thinks that life is just growing up in a paddock, eating grass, having his wool shorn off when the weather gets hot, being looked after and well fed by a farmer who takes a pride in keeping him in good health and condition. Well, there are humans just as unsophisticated as that.

You see them at the sheep sales, watching the auctioneer with admiring eyes, and thinking that if only they could buy a certain little mob of sheep, they would be happy for ever. But then, on the other extreme, there are the dealers, with eyes as sharp and watchful as sheep dogs; the knowing ones who stand beside the auctioneer buying their thousands, who have them loaded into semi-trailers that roar across the country day and night, to places where the sheepmen have got one of their characteristic nob-ideas that 'the market is up'.

What a turmoil and state of excitement there is throughout the countryside, as if the market would never come down again! The agents rushing out to the farms and saying out of one side of their mouths: 'Bring 'em in. Bring 'em in Charlie. There'll never be another market like this. You'll wait half a lifetime for a chance to make another kill like this.' And out of the other side of their mouths to the buyers at the sale: 'There's money in 'em boys. There's money in 'em. The market's still rising.'

And they are persuaded too, those dealers, for all their tough looks and knowing ways, they are nearly as gullible as the other buyers. They have their signs and their seasons, and their witch-doctors who tell them when it's going to rain; in fact, the one who first bought me, and the five hundred with me, was influenced by the fact that I have one black ear.

'Might bring me luck,' he said, laughing, 'like a black cat.' Of course he knew we were valuable young ewes; he was shrewd enough not to make any mistake about that. That's how I started on my travels; loaded into a semi-trailer that held hundreds of us.

The owner of the truck was full of jokes because he was in

the money too. Shouting to his dogs: shouting to his off-sider: 'She's full up. Packed like sardines. They'll have to take it in turns to breathe in or they'll burst the crate wide open.'

I was innocent enough then. I thought that when we got to Wagga, we'd be let out onto the nice green river flats I'd seen for the first time. But not a hope. Shot into a little paddock near the saleyards, that stank from overstocking; a few bales of hay scattered out, so dry and unattractive to our inexperienced palates, that we walked on and defiled it to show what we thought of it. Then into the saleyards to be stared at by hordes of human faces, all with the same silly idea: 'The market is up.'

From Wagga to Wyalong; to Dubbo, to Tamworth. Back by way of Orange, Goulburn and Temora to Albury. By then we were costing so much to buy that all our lives were insured; not that that was much of a compensation for a young sheep accustomed to peace and home comforts. Hardly time to get a decent drink, and belly never more than half full, before we started on another trip that might take a day, or two or three. On our feet all the time in a lurching, swaying motor lorry, sometimes with a mug driver, who might stop or start suddenly, and pile us all up against the front or back of the crate. But to lie down was too risky, particularly if the truck was crowded, as it was apt to be, since those dealers didn't believe in paying a carrier to cart empty space around the country.

At first I used to burn against the injustice of it. I used to see farm sheep grazing peacefully on green grass in their paddocks, clean, fat and contented. I used to hope passionately that a farmer would buy me and take me back to the good old life again. But they never did. Always we were bought by a dealer who was convinced there was 'money in them'. So we went on and on, collecting the dust of every saleyard on our fleeces, and the muck of scores of semi-trailers. I got so desperate I thought I could take a hand in my fate by jumping over a saleyard fence into the next pen. But when the farm sheep saw me come flying in, so lean, dark and travel-stained, they rushed round and round the pen in a panic, as if I was some obscene thing like a dog. All the humans who saw it made those queer movements of face and sides, accompanied by barking noises.

It was a rough, unnatural life for us. While we were passing through the hands of dealers we never knew the pleasures of mating; of having sweet little white lambs, and watching them playing innocently on the fresh green grass. But in time I got tough, and I was proud of it. When we were let out of the trailers I always saw to it that I got more than my share of whatever food

and drink was available, and it didn't worry me if I had to push aside a weak sheep I'd been standing on most of the last trip. I was tough alright. I sneered at the dumb, innocent farm sheep that took fright and ran for their lives when our trucks roared past their paddocks. I was a sheep of the world. I'd mixed with humans in all sorts of circumstances, and I was no longer afraid of them. They interested me, and amused me, and that's why I felt superior to ordinary sheep.

Now the farm sheep, who hardly ever see anyone but their owners, and think that is more than enough of humans, wouldn't understand how amused I've been by all those dumb-looking, naked faces hanging over the fences staring at us, with their bodies wrapped in the dead wool they've had to steal from us because they couldn't grow any themselves. (I've heard too, from a cow that was shut in a pen next to us, that the ewe-humans aren't capable of secreting sufficient milk to feed their young, and that they rob the ewe-cattle of theirs; even murdering the cattle-lambs to whom it rightly belongs.)

Another funny thing I learnt about humans was that they have a system of ranking according to the number of sheep they own. A man who has only hundreds, amounts to very little in the human's world; he hardly dares to speak to the auctioneer's dog. The man who owns thousands can sit on the top rail of the pen where they are selling the sheep. But the man with tens of thousands has all the auctioneer men for his slaves; while the man with a hundred thousand is like a top stud ram who has scores of wives brought to him from all over the country.

At last, when we'd nearly given up hope, there came a change among the humans. A slight and cautious change at first, because those who knew wanted to keep it from the others. The slyest of the dealers began to shake their heads when the auctioneer offered them a mob; though the off-siders still made a great hullabaloo as if nothing was happening. But we were all excited, because someone had heard an agent whisper to a dealer: 'Not much life in the market. Better get out of your sheep while you can.'

At the next sale all the dealers looked twice as crafty, but they couldn't fool us. They pretended to be still buying each other's sheep at high prices, but at every second or third pen the agent's men were crowded round some farmer or other who'd been coming to the sales regularly, and always looking as if it was a terrible pity to be missing all these opportunities; fellows just as tough-looking as the dealers, but not so well-in with the agents, who now kept on telling them: 'There's money in

them, man; shillings below market value. They're better than that last pen that brought five bob more. They'll be up again next sale. Get in while you can.'

The dealers were saying things to each other where only we could hear: 'Unloaded a lot of mine. Don't like the look of things, by hell.'—'Me too, by gosh. Wool's down in London again. The market's finished.'

Well, I was excited. The first time in years I wasn't loaded into a semi-trailer again after a sale. We were actually going to be driven along a road again, to a farm. How we were going to skip and gambol, and relish eating green, growing grass. A bit silly, really, to talk of gambolling at our age.

In fact, all we got was more disillusionment. I might as well state here, for the benefit of other and younger sheep, that the only place you can be sure of reasonably good treatment, is on the farm where you were born. Happy the sheep that goes through life with only one master, a real farmer, who isn't a speculator, big or small.

The farmer who bought us only let us have his roughest pasture; and he soon became uneasy about his bargain. He tried to unload us onto some less informed person at the next sale, but the market was definitely down by then. That was my first experience with a really worried human. He acted as if he'd contracted footrot and blowfly strike at the same time. We giggled among ourselves on the way home. Some of the more agile of us jumped over a fence into a nice green paddock to get a decent bite of grass and to see how he'd perform. But after he'd made some amusing bleating noises, he put his dog around the other sheep in the paddock, got his own back, and ten of the other man's as well.

For several weeks we bleated in that man's face every time he came to scowl at us. At last he decided to shear us, so that at least he'd have the wool, then sell us for what he could get. But as soon as he'd finished shearing he found that all the other amateur investors were trying to sell shorn sheep too, so he hadn't a hope of getting his money back that way. Then he got a bright idea. He had a share-farmer on his place; one of those innocent lamb-like characters who'd always wanted to own a flock of sheep. So he said to him: 'Hey Tom! I've got an idea. You've always had an itch to try a flutter with a mob of sheep, haven't you? Well, I'll sell you these cheap.'

'Cripes, I'd like to have them, Boss, but where'd I get the money to pay for them?'

'I'd let you have them on time payment. Of course they'd have

to be a bit dearer that way. And I'd expect you to give me a mortgage on your share of our wheat crop.'

'Gee, Boss, thanks. This might be the big opportunity I've needed to put me on my feet.'

'That's the spirit. Nothing venture, nothing win. Now, about the price.'

The young share-farmer took us away, as proud as a ram with three horns, out onto some rough hill country he'd managed to rent cheaply, and there he expected us to live on gum leaves, bark, moss and stones. We galloped about obligingly for a day or two; then gave up and waited at the gate for him to bring us some baled hay like the dealers used to. We bleated at him pitifully, and sucked in our breath to make our ribs show, but he just didn't have the money to buy food for us. We got to dislike that man very much, even though we knew he was the farmer's victim. Still, what right did he have to buy us, if he didn't have the money to feed us? Another warning to young sheep. Dealers might be tough, and carriers careless, and greedy farmers mean with you, but the worst thing that can happen to you is to be bought by a poor and foolish young man, who thinks that he can make money dealing in sheep. *That* sort of man expects you to live on the same bit of unsounded hope that is sustaining *him*, while he hangs on for a rise in the market. Moreover, a poor man's sheep are always likely to be struck by lightning, drowned in floods or burnt in bush fires. This is a thing which puzzles many sheep, and is naturally quite inexplicable to humans. However, though it is the sheep which suffer, it is a retribution aimed at the owner for his cruelty to his sheep, by the Great Ovine One who watches over us all, who is so omniscient that even a human cannot fall to the ground without his knowing about it. I had this information from a devout old wether who had spent a lifetime fasting on the tablelands, and abstaining from the fleshly lusts.

After several weeks on the rocks, two blameless members of our flock passed away. The share-farmer pretended he didn't know why, and complained to his wife about it: 'The silly animals are too stupid to eat!'

But he knew very well that he had to get rid of us before we all died. We made up our minds to give him hell all the way to the sale. We weaved from side to side of the road; we lay down in the shade of every tree; we tottered at a speed that was barely distinguishable from standing still; we collapsed on the road in front of every passing vehicle; we fell into gutters, got stuck in culverts. We moved only when he rushed madly from side

to side shouting and pushing us, and stopped dead the moment he relaxed. But at each crossroad we galloped to right, to left, back the way we had come. At last we had him beaten; he had to send for a drover who charged him ten pounds because he could see he was desperate.

But better things were to come, as far as getting even with that man was concerned. One of the first men who came to examine us in our pen was the dealer who had bought us first.

'Ha, whatoh! My old black-ear! You brought me luck before, you might do it again.'

The dealer looked at us shrewdly, then stared at some other men who were inspecting us.

'Ever see such a bunch of old crackers?' he said, laughing contemptuously, 'fit for nothing but the meat cannery.'

The auctioneer was a nice fellow for a human. When it came to our turn he described us in a firm, sincere voice as 'a nice type of sheep'. And though the cynics stated that he could hardly say less, still I appreciated it. And I also had quite a warming for the farmer who shouted out, in protest: 'How long since they had a feed?' Then the dealer came in with one of his cracks: 'How do you expect them to eat, without teeth?'

After the laugh, there wasn't a man at the sale who would have taken the flock as a gift. The dealer then made the one and only bid. The share-farmer's face showed what a disaster the price was to him. But worse was to come. A farmer jumped into the pen with his eyes fixed on one of the sheep, suspicion and aggression in all his movements. He grabbed the sheep and had a close look at its earmark. 'That's one of *my* sheep! What's it doing in here?'

He dived on one after another until he had claimed all that the greedy farmer had collected when some of us had jumped into a paddock on the way home from the saleyards. He got very redfaced and started shouting: 'Where are the police? I saw this man up to some funny business on his way past my place this morning; the way he was rushing about, I knew he was up to something.'

And the hired drover, anxious to be in the clear, made his declaration as soon as the police appeared: 'Yes, that's right, I helped to bring this mob in; but I thought it was funny at the time. The owner only engaged me *after* he'd gone past this man's place. Well, there's only one answer.'

Humans can't think properly. They all blamed the poor share-farmer instead of his greedy landlord. Not that we cared, really.

Next day we were loaded into a train. The main difference

between travelling in a train and in a semi-trailer is that in a trailer you never stop for a rest, but you certainly get somewhere; while in a train you're always stopping and starting, generally with fearful jerks that throw you off your feet, and never get anywhere. There were holes in the floors too, and anyone who got a leg in one sooner or later had it broken.

At last we got to the great city. It was impossible to believe there could be so many houses all in one place; and the queer smells that came from so many humans so tightly packed together, made us wonder how the people at the stations could complain about the smell of us *sheep*. After hours of waiting which seemed worse than the travelling, they drove us out of the truck. The maimed and trampled ones they threw in a corner of a yard.

There is an enormous building from which comes a roaring of machinery so frightening, and an odour, so hot, clammy and sickening that no sheep would willingly enter it, except that a traitor sheep comes out to entice us in.

A dreadful rumour is being passed from mouth to mouth that the humans are going to kill us all and *eat* us. We have had our suspicions of them before. Even on the farms they would occasionally feel the young sheep's backs, then, shame-faced, tie one and take it away in a utility. Just one sheep, now and then; not enough to make us really worry.

But here there are train-loads upon train-loads of us; more sheep than I've ever seen in one place before. Even if city humans are a hundred times worse than country ones, I can't believe they would be so inhuman as to kill and eat so many of us.

I am more and more frightened. The noises and smells from that great building make my legs go so weak that I can hardly walk. But the hard faced city-humans and their dogs keep pushing us on; right inside the building where we are nearly choked with appalling fumes; then along a narrow race where

E.O.Schlunke

TO GET AHEAD, YOU MUST LOOK AHEAD!

How often do we hear the man who feels he has made some little progress in life confide that he is "doing a little coasting", or that he is "marking time"?

What a lamentable piece of self-deception that is! The truth is that nobody, anywhere, can stand still for long. If a man at any time does not positively know he is actively progressing, of this he can be sure — he is slipping back, losing his grip, being overtaken and passed. To get ahead, one must always look ahead, always have a plan, and always keep moving.

That is why we Atlantic people are seen so energetically pushing on with our plans for tomorrow — extending and multiplying our service facilities for motorists and petroleum users everywhere—and the army of motorists is growing ever more swiftly!

For thirty years Atlantic has served the nation, in transport, industry and agriculture, with the world's best in petroleum products. We shall continue doing that tomorrow, too — because we are actively building for tomorrow!



Atlantic Union Oil Company Pty. Limited

END OF TERM

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

I

The echoes of the last bell die away
And boys already hurry down the drive,
Cramming caps on their heads, while from the bay
The south-west breezes delicately move
Across the ground where swallows soar and dive.
Late winter sunlight on these playing-fields
Conveys no hint of all the season yields.

Another term gone by, to what effect?
Now those of us who choose to lead the young,
To play impartial, wise and circumspect,
Seeming at once benevolent and strong,
Must watch the afternoons again grow long
And reckon how the fading term was spent,
Knowing our motives were ambivalent.

Could any man, however cloistered with
Tradition, schoolrooms, colours and the rest,
Act out the part demanded by the myth?
However much these flowing gowns attest
The role of pedagogue, we keep at best
A most uncertain balance with our own
Deficiencies, acting the fool alone.

But now these yellow buildings catch the sun
And birds are shifting in the one great tree
Before this doorway—and now, one by one,
The boys go cycling irretrievably
Along the road that draws them home. I see
Their gaily coloured caps departing while
I lean here with an unrevealing smile;

And as the Brueghel picture thronged with boys
Becomes a landscape of late afternoon
And gentle brushwork, as the echoing noise
Subsides, I feel a reminiscent tune

Stirring against my memory and soon
I call back wandering children from the past
Who stand where I can honour them at last.

For all who taught me courage I would ask
The kind of peace that sunlight on this tree
And doorway might suggest. The living task
Bears upon all of us unremittingly
And after childhood none is simply free;
And yet, for these, may all the world of green
Never contract to one bare tragic scene.

Yet loneliness is truly where we live
And childhood paths take unexpected ways:
Become bare mountain tracks or roads that drive
Over great deserts where receding haze
Deceives and beckons. Lacking words of praise,
Dreamers will seek to populate a stage
With memory's flamboyant equipage.

Like some old homestead where our forebears died,
A school becomes the haunt of memories
And architects who plan its walls provide
Their labours to assert stabilities,
So all that visitor or schoolboy sees
Is order—corridors and formal lawns
Maintaining that aplomb the wanderer mourns;

And we who come here not as innocents
But as the votaries of order, stand
Where massing bricks will offer no defence,
For commerce of our pride is contraband
Among these generations. So my hand
Turns to the ambiguities of art,
Ironic figures that divert the heart.

The wind has fallen now, the air is still
And a hawk hovers in the pale blue sky;
The dark swallows curvet where they will,
Skimming across the shaven grass nearby,
And bustling sparrows chatter and reply:
Among them all this native figtree stands
And holds the earth with heavy knotted hands.

II

From irony and contrast I have made
 Patterns, the formal shells of memory,
 Yet time, the moving stream, is not delayed;
 Friends and the sun depart predictably
 And what remains that anyone might see?
 A silhouetted figure looking out
 Over the miles of architectural doubt.

Clear harmonies a fine Italian hand
 Once figured on a tinkling clavichord
 Sound through my lighted room, and where I stand
 Two orders of experience afford
 Disparity as sharp-edged as a sword:
 Behind me, order clarified by light
 And outside all the anarchy of night.

Just as Scarlatti's eloquence appears
 A language foreign to my radio,
 A suburb in the net of darkness bears
 Its own particular conflicts: here below,
 Where tawdry slums and fading gardens grow,
 A city's life has overrun the green
 Leisured assertions of an older scene.

Tonight this crumbling lost that waits concealed
 Behind a mansion wreathed in wrought-iron lace,
 Where palm-trees, broken slates and flowers that failed
 Recall a sort of Boom Period grace,
 Serves as my vantage point and carapace
 In which to reconsider what is meant
 By order in the heart's own government.

Nothing I do shall mark these many doors
 With the protective symbol of my care
 And nothing turn the flood from rotten floors
 When signs of courage darken in the air:
 Such lonely shadows I must learn to share
 Gladly with one who leaves behind her days
 Of dogs and rabbits in the summer haze;

And so there is no call for isolation
 For, loving, I must put myself to school

Like men whose lone achievement touched a nation,
Whose laboured verse was lucid as a pool
Where anyone could see himself no fool:
Poets who sang, though standing far apart,
These slow pulsations of the common heart.

While I await her, peering into dark,
Each breath takes on the character of cloud
Before the pepperinas and the stark
Roofs of another school, which slope and crowd
Before the glow of Melbourne. Speak aloud,
Old exiles, of your joy and of your grief;
The echoes of your music bring relief.

Is this the rim where light and dark have met?
Where two regimes lie closely intertwined?
Where opposite gales of the heart are set
In balance, rage and order now combined?
Or even where reflective men shall find
Old gods retreating as the new advance,
Like figures moving to a formal dance?

I do not know, but am preoccupied
Still with the image of divided man
Who builds the monuments of hope and pride
Day after day, without a final plan,
Nor ever finishes what he began:
These are the few reflections I would keep
As a great city lapses into sleep.

Cities and seas whirl eastward through the night
And all that distant fury of the stars
Takes from the dew a tenuous clear light
And isolated beauty. The last bars
Of music die, and faint belated cars
Running down Chapel Street bring home to me
Their rumours of the earth's duality.

III

The jutting cape that rides above the sea
Shoulders its twisted trees and darkened grass
While dawn moves quietly and impressively

Up to the eastern skyline. Minutes pass
And light's increasing colours touch the glass
That sprawls beneath its load of breathless air;
These miles of water lie becalmed and bare.

The world at morning: vista unperturbed
By any sharp division that would mark
Sky off from sea, both grey. The wind is curbed
And even tides seem heedless of their work;
Only the gulls, delighted as the dark
Goes washing down its western passages,
Fly and exchange their raucous messages.

With gulls, with coloured light the morning greets
This chill and passive scheme of innocence
And nagging childhood brings forgotten treats
To mind, recalls the scatter of events
That, taking shape, filled out experience;
Knowing the ghosts that dance along its track,
The heart forever falters and looks back.

At last our dreaming mariners awake;
The realm of sea extends to air and land,
While berg, reef, lightning and tornado take
Their toll until, marooned upon the strand,
A weathered seaman lingers to withstand
All demons that the ocean holds, all shades
And visions green from under water glades.

What if the desolation bears him down
And life becomes an island fantasy,
Unstable to his touch? What if his frown,
His smile, his love, are only answered by
The shifting face that greets him from the sea
And stares out brokenly for evidence
Of either harmony or innocence?

Or innocence? At once I see again
Yesterday's schoolboys ebb and drift away,
Who watched the term go by with little pain,
Content to celebrate that final day
Of birds and sunlight, ignorant that they
Must guard a lonely seaman to the end:
Their lover, child and solitary friend.

Now one I figured as a tomboy comes
Running away from bushland memories,
Then, without smoke or sudden roll of drums,
Becomes a woman walking through the trees
And I the waiting lover whom she sees;
From her this poem takes its measured tread,
Affirming life, whatever else be said.

For tidebound figures learn to praise and bless
The strange humanity of middle-earth,
Compounded both of love and loneliness:
Divided creatures all, whose tears and mirth
Haunt the miraculous argument of birth,
Take voice and sing, with growing jubilation,
Of bonds which daily justify your station.

Still I remain musing upon this height
Above the windless mirror of the sea,
Picturing how the rosy glancing light
Can filter through such old complexity
Of life as crowds that hidden treasury,
And yet no single vision clarifies
The past which moves below our shifting skies.

But now, on the rim, the air is shot with flame
And gold runs on the surface of the waters,
Increasing steadily. Clouds burn to claim
Their due as morning's most capricious daughters,
Duly released from their nocturnal quarters.
Chrysanthemum or burnished golden head,
The sun surveys the living and the dead.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

THE AMAZING WORLD OF PETROCHEMICALS

Special products manufactured from petroleum play a vital role in your everyday life. They include solvents for paints and dry cleaning, raw materials for the rubber and plastics industries, and ingredients for life-saving drugs, cosmetics and numerous day to day essentials.

Fundamental research on petrochemicals is done by more than 5,000 research workers at Shell's 14 international research centres. It is supported by quality control tests at scores of laboratories, including seven in Australia.

Through its research facilities, Shell ensures that high-quality lubricants, fuels and petrochemicals meet the demands of transport and industry.

SHELL SERVES AUSTRALIA

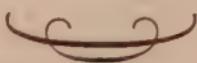


You can be sure of SHELL

PR3/1

Smoking can be fun!

Someone once remarked that it takes a lot of people to really complicate a simple issue. Take smoking, for instance. People have been doing it for years and find it quite easy and quite pleasant. Basically, you have a cylinder of tobacco wrapped in paper. You light one end and draw in the other. You probably prefer your cigarette without a fussy filter taking away the very thing you smoke it for—the *taste* of the tobacco. So—just in case you find yourself groping in a fog of doubt after reading about cigarettes being invested with disturbing semi-human attributes like talking and breathing—it may be reassuring to take out a Craven “A”—contemplate it for a moment to get the feel of it—just in case. Then light it up and rediscover that here indeed is one of life’s minor but quietly satisfying pleasures—and no different from what you hoped for. For Craven “A” gives you more of what a cigarette’s for—just pure, unfiltered smoking enjoyment from beginning to end.



L211.11.50

DESIGN IN AUSTRALIA

Barbara Maude

NOW that the Industrial Design Council is beginning work in Australia, it seems appropriate to try to assess the sort of situation which confronts it, and if possible discover how it can most usefully deploy its talents. The Council's experience in England has lain in a country that has inherited wonderful achievements in all the arts, particularly in the vernacular of architecture and the domestic crafts. In other words the environment was created by a pre-industrial society, and on to this has been superimposed the products of an industrial society. To some extent then the Council in Great Britain entered a prepared field. Many people were accustomed to seeing things of beauty around them, inherited from the past, and could by comparison appreciate the lack of it in many of the creations of the present. There was a fair section of the public, including many manufacturers and shopkeepers, prepared to welcome and assist anything the Council might try to do.

In Australia the situation is totally different. The remains of the pre-industrial age, admirable though they are, are few, slight, and largely disregarded. Any little defects in beauty or order are generally excused by saying 'It's only a young country'! The real difficulty lies in the fact, not that Australia is a young country but that it is a young country in the twentieth century. It was a much younger country in 1820; but that did not prevent early settlers from building with superb confidence, coherence and success. The architecture they left behind (or what remains of it) displays just that unerring flair for design that has created in Great Britain one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world.

These characteristics are to be found wherever the early settlers lived. It is immaterial whether we are talking about Windsor Rectory, Argyle Place, or some weatherboard home-stead on the banks of the Nepean; it is possible without pronouncing any sort of aesthetic judgment to say that in every case these buildings are placed in a right relation to the landscape, and that however rough and ready the workmanship, and however slight and makeshift the materials, they are in reasonable harmony with their surroundings. It is this European sense of unity between landscape and architecture which has

created Bath, Oxford, Edinburgh and Chipping Campden, to name but a few British towns. Without indulging in nostalgia for what has gone, one may wonder whether the Industrial Revolution in taking man from the land has deprived him of that good sense. Is this why modern society seems unable to produce a vernacular in architecture or indeed in any of the arts?

But is this all? Are there any other reasons for the general loss of what may be called 'visual standards'? In the thirties Orwell forecast the cumulatively disastrous effects of increasing mechanization; we are having to live with these today, and some of them have a direct bearing on the subject of this article.

First of all there is the gigantic fraud implied in the word 'progress'. We have somehow been sold the idea that material progress has necessarily something to do with civilization. Having swallowed this extraordinary conception, we imagine that no price is too high to pay for this progress. As long as we have plumbing, and everything very elaborate and expensive, and as long as any public enterprise can be seen to be physically large and impressive, any unpleasant by-products must be put up with as the inevitable price of this 'progress'. No one stops to wonder whether life for many people is getting duller, more difficult, perhaps even less free as a result.

A logical extension of this is seen in the contemporary attitude to people's environment; the idea that any development must be good just because it is development (i.e. progress) and that any attempt to plan it would mean interfering with the liberty of the individual. (This is in striking contrast with the way in which it is considered permissible to interfere with people's freedom in other ways; in their choice of food; in the content of their children's schooling; in the degree of impertinence to which they are subjected in the name of advertising. One wonders whether the people whose freedom is so sacred are the real-estate operators? But that is by the way.) The results of such thinking are that almost the only considerations governing the design (if it can be called design) of our environment are the demands of 'progress' assessed in terms of financial profit.

A further by-product of mechanization is the general decline in craft skills. Man having hands, there is a number of fascinating things he can do with them. In a pre-industrial society he could often practise a whole craft, with all its skills and make a living at it. Now, for one man practising a skill there are dozens doing work which makes demands on only a fraction of their ability.

Of course all this is the merest platitude; but it is necessary to point out that most people are no longer, through their work, brought up against the necessity of handling and making raw materials into something themselves. This lost practice was the first step towards creating a proper understanding of function and its relation to ornament. In other words, modern man is deprived of the means of forming his taste in the most natural and unselfconscious way.

Finally there are two further difficulties in the way of creating a discerning taste among the people; they are both a direct result of the industrialization of a young country. One is the loss of the 'customer's sanction'. By this I mean the direct and close relationship between maker and user, whose effect must always be to exercise a healthy check on function, materials and workmanship. The other difficulty lies in the introduction and substitution of synthetic for organic materials. These new materials have, to the layman, two outstanding characteristics. Their qualities are hard to assess, and they do not seem to have the power of ageing comfortably. Old leather gets shabby pleasantly, and repays care; old plastic (if it ever lasts into old age) remains without character, and just looks scruffy. Old linen is the better after ten years' wear and washing; the modern textiles show no sign of any such capacity. And while old weatherboarding, old brick and old stonework are all beautiful I have little expectation of ever being called on to admire 'this beautiful block of offices in old mellowed concrete'.

All this is not to decry the new materials, which are an essential part of the contemporary scene, but simply to say that their use tends to diminish yet further the powers of critical judgment in ordinary people.

If this gives a fair picture of the mental climate in which the Council must operate, what about the physical aspects? A great proportion of the people is living in an amorphous area, neither town nor country; without either community or privacy; often in hideous juxtaposition to industry, and—what is far worse—its spoil heaps, vacant lots and the unspeakable litter of roadside 'development'. It is some measure of the depths to which visual standards have sunk that people can not only put up with living in such surroundings but can actually think of them as compatible with a high standard of living.

This then is the situation confronting the Council here. Before trying to estimate its prospects it might be worth looking at the parent body's achievements in Great Britain. The mess created there by the precipitate industrialization of the nine-

teenth century, and the twentieth-century development of 'Subtopia', roused educated opinion many years ago, and a number of bodies there managed to save some at least of the country from the worst horrors, until the proper control of all development became, at least in principle and even sometimes in practice, normal Government policy. While this was going on there grew up also a strong feeling that the design of many things in common use, from teapots to chairs, from saucepans to lighting equipment, from domestic to industrial machinery, was poor, often inefficient, and ugly. The Council of Industrial Design was launched on the great Crusade to Improve Taste.

First of all the public taste must be educated. Now in theory this is quite straightforward. You get people to think about the efficiency of anything they have to buy (such as a teapot) and when they are sure they know what the function of a teapot is you show them what it ought to look like. Good proportion . . . clean simple shape . . . pleasing colour . . . no ornate decoration. . . . In two film strips and one nice lecture (with slides) you give them Taste. You think of other things too . . . everything must be labour saving . . . no knobs or ridges to dust . . . no brass to clean . . . open living-space instead of old-fashioned separate rooms . . . no fires making WORK. . . . The trouble with this sort of educational work is twofold; some people swallow it whole without having any equipment for understanding and applying ideas intelligently, like the young woman who asked in a shop to see some 'contemporary cretonnes—but not too contemporary'. The rooms of such people tend to be deadly dull and without warmth or character, for they have simply exchanged one set of conventions for another. And what further bedevils their situation is that the business of producing and selling 'contemporary' involves the advertisers, with their own peculiarly pretension and bogus jargon. A whole new vocabulary is built up. Things have to be STYLED and when they have been STYLED they have to be PACKAGED; houses become LIVING CENTRES; cupboards are STORAGE UNITS; rooms LIVING-SPACE; kitchens are announced as FOCUS ON FOOD, and so on and so on. This ballyhoo must inevitably have had a crippling effect on the Council's efforts, and it is encouraging to be able to say that in spite of it a great number of flats and houses have been substantially improved. And many young people of educated taste but small means have at last been able to buy furniture they could bear to live with, without going to the expense of antiques.

This has been to some extent the measure of the Council's

successes with manufacturers and shopkeepers. It is essential in this work to convince them of the importance of good design; and here again, in Great Britain there were enough enlightened manufacturers and store-owners willing and able respectively to make and display things properly. This in itself was valuable; at least it gave the shopping public a chance to establish standards of comparison, and this was a beginning, if nothing more. Other most useful and successful work has been in testing and suggesting improvements to a wide range of domestic and industrial equipment. This work begins at the beginning. It improves the quality of things coming on the market, and has a sound economic basis in assisting the promotion of exports.

With this experience in mind, where and how should the Council begin its work in Australia, considering the situation in which it has to operate?

The first point to be considered is whether it is worth spending much effort on trying to improve the consumer's taste. I think we should accept the fact that you cannot teach 'Good Taste' in two easy lessons to people who have been denied the necessary equipment for learning. After all, architects and artists expect to spend a long time in absorbing a feeling for scale and proportion, and for the understanding of principles of design. They look to the past and build on the past. Ordinary people don't want to learn and don't see the necessity; why should they? The ordinary people of the pre-industrial world on the other hand could not help learning from the past; they lived with it and drew on it instinctively, and that this is no 'Olde Worlde' fantasy can be seen still in some of the remoter parts of England. There are still places there where the builder and his men can be trusted to build in a true vernacular, using the local materials and producing structures in perfect harmony with the countryside. There is nothing folksy about this, it is quite un-selfconscious, and I can only imagine that it still happens because, by a happy chance, the local tradition of building has been unbroken and undisturbed by industrialization.

It would seem then that the most repaying sort of work the Council could do in Australia would be in influencing the design of things at the manufacturing stage. The employment of industrial designers with a sound artistic training, and freedom to design well, would be a notable achievement; and considerable emphasis might well be laid on the importance of honest workmanship and the use of sound materials. Something which is lovely to look at and which comes to pieces in your hands is not a good advertisement for improved design. The buyer's

reaction is likely to be, 'I don't care what it looks like as long as it works'.

However, given a proportion of well-designed things in the shops, will they sell? I see no reason why they should, for the reasons I have already given; and also because, with one or two exceptions, the large shops in the cities provide no sort of setting for anything beautiful. Their owners may not be aware of how dull they are; yet if they would send some of their people to study the six best shops in London for six months, and give them carte blanche on their return, the results would be startling. In this context, a most useful activity by the Council would be to give selected members of selling staffs some elementary training in the principles of applied design, so that they at least might have some idea of what it is all about, and could even guide their customers' taste in the right direction. (Obviously special lectures on TACT would have to be included in this course!)

But the fact remains: you cannot create proper standards of visual taste all at once; like anything else worth doing it takes time. The longer people live among ugliness the more they take ugliness for granted; their palate is spoilt. If therefore we are going to get anywhere with this idea of improving the public taste we have to start with the basic thing, the environment. Man-made environment grows out of the sort of society man makes; the hideous environment we have created for most of our people is that of a *laissez-faire* society with purely material values. We may tinker with it, and tidy it up in bits, but we shan't get at the heart of the matter until and unless we think it out from the beginning. And the beginning is to ask, 'What shape of society do we want?' Or to put it another way—are we going to make the shape or are we going to let ourselves be dictated to by a number of—humanly speaking—irrelevant factors?

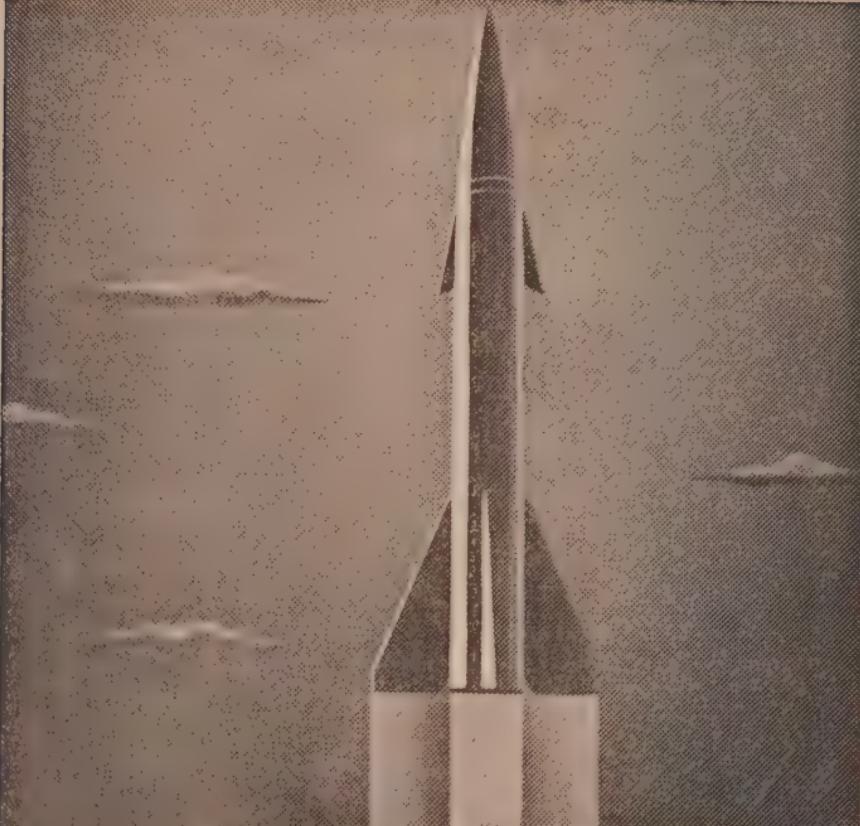
Do we want, for example, to allow Australia to develop as a series of formless conurbations, with all their massive disadvantages as already demonstrated overseas? Are we willing to allow land to be developed haphazard? Are we happy to allow the only consideration in the location of new industries to be the convenience of the firms concerned? All these things have happened in Great Britain, with the result that the job of cleaning up the mess presents heart-breaking difficulties. Here in Australia there is still—just—time. Large areas of land, much of it marginal, are undeveloped; new areas become useable as irrigation and power schemes are completed; the

country now has enough labour and capital to carry out fairly massive works. Could we not make a decent job of it? Could we not produce a landscape that is truly coherent? Streets and squares that are properly urban, towns that are towns and not just shapeless sprawls, villages that are set in a real countryside—not just three gum trees and a pickle factory and a lot of subdivision? Similarly there is no reason at all why areas of heavy industry should be hideous; heavy industry is full of good shapes, it is the accompanying clutter, and the rape of the surrounding land that give it its hellish character.

If we managed to achieve something like this, the very fact that their environment was worth looking at would begin to educate people's taste; the very fact that it was considered important by *somebody* would help to create a positive public attitude; and then the teapots and the furniture could look after themselves.

If all this seems viewy talk, too vague and high-falutin for a modern, up-to-date country to bother with, and suggesting ideas too expensive and too difficult to carry out, I can only say that a country at this stage needs imaginative thinking above everything, and that it does not appear to me that expense or difficulty are any sort of deterrent to Australians when they really want to get anything done. At this time, when she is in the throes of changing from a primary producer to a manufacturing power, and when the problems of physical planning have already been worked out elsewhere, Australia should be able to show the rest of the world a shining example. No Black Country lies athwart her most beautiful districts; no fertile farmlands, worked for a thousand years, confront her architects wherever they try to build a new town. Australia's new factories can be sited in a natural landscape whose very scale and wildness accords well with the shapes of modern industry; her new towns rise from virgin bush which can be landscaped around them; her rivers flow clear of pollution to an unspoiled coast. Australia could be beautiful.

Barbara Maude



NOTHING MATCHES **BORON**

An entirely NEW petrol

Rocket power for your car

More miles per gallon

Most powerful petrol you can buy



AMPOL **BORON**
SPECIAL

CATHOLIC ACTION AND POLITICS

Lloyd Ross

A BASIC inconsistency pervades the controversial book by TOM TRUMAN, *Catholic Action and Politics* (Georgian House, 35s. od.). The central thesis seems to be that the Catholic Church has been, and still is, engaged in a universal effort to enforce Catholic doctrines, religious and social, on the nation and on the peoples of the world. Those ideas are anti-democratic, anti-progressive, anti-socialist; the instruments for the circulation of such ideas are centrally directed and theologically enforced.

Yet while developing this theme by a mass of evidence, carefully selected, frequently misrepresented, Mr Tom Truman fails to appreciate the significance of the fact that this thesis is disproved by the chronicles in his book. The impression gained is not of a church united and militant, but a church divided and uncertain on political and social issues. Mr Santamaria's Movement was resisted boldly and publicly by Catholics in the centre of his Victorian power. The activities of Industrial Groups were opposed by some Catholics, who even occasionally associated with Communists in labour organization. Catholics clashed with Catholics on political issues. Papal instruction was limited to a restatement of general principles, which has not resolved the conflicts over application among Catholics. The victory over the Industrial Groups was as much a victory of some Catholics, as it was a defeat of others—including non-Catholics. Earlier still, not only did Catholics join the Labor Party, whose objective is socialization, but it was a leading Catholic, James Scullin, who sponsored the 1921 Objective, supported nationalization, and advised his Catholic colleagues in the Labor Party to abstain from pushing the claims of aid for denominational schools.

The importance of emphasizing this contradiction between thesis and facts is not only that it demands a very different examination of the problems, which Mr Truman poses and which Catholics such as Maritain and Messner have faced honestly and learnedly, but that it reveals another basic weakness in the book.

Mr Truman judges ideas by their associations, and not by their validity in the contemporary world. In an effort to illustrate the influence of Catholic propaganda and pressure, he quotes the Labor Party policies in Victoria as follows: 'For instance, Item 100 asked for the complete reservation of the power generated in the new hydro-electricity projects for use in rural areas. Item 103 sought legislation to encourage co-operatives and to get financial backing for them from the Commonwealth Government.'

The historical fact is that such proposals stem from ideas which have been advocated by many Labor thinkers as far removed as Robert Owen in nineteenth-century England and by Asoka Mehta in twentieth-century India. The ideas of worker participation, co-operation and decentralization, subdivision of large estates, which Mr Santamaria advocated in an effort to apply Catholic social doctrines, were advanced by socialists, who carried on the basic socialist tradition of freedom. If debate around such ideas can be carried on by partisans of different inspirations, then the important conclusion to be drawn is not that this proves the sources of a Catholic conspiracy, but that contemporary democratic methods and institutions offer the opportunity to discuss, reconcile or assemble the ideas that are thrown up by many different writers and thinkers.

REVIEWS

Take the issue of worker participation in the control of industry—one of the most permanent and basic thoughts in industrial development and theory. The ideal has many origins, as I suggested in my Chifley Memorial Lecture. One source of its inspiration is 'socialistic', another 'Catholic'. This shouldn't mean that the 'socialist' rejects the ideal.

In a review of Truman's book, Father Murtagh outlines some attempts to apply the ideal from Catholic inspiration (*Advocate*, 7 December, 1959). Professor Fogarty in a recent pamphlet, *Programme for Social Action* (Catholic Socialist Guild), offers other applications. Neither is dogmatic; neither claims Papal Infallibility; both provide ideas for democratic socialists who would meet the same challenge to humanize labour relations. In none of the Catholic writings on this subject known to me are there outlined methods which are so indispensable that they could not be modified in a common discussion.

In a democratic nation or Party there would be a place for the Catholic and the socialist—as well as other believers, secular and religious—provided that certain moods and principles of toleration, freedom of discussion and acceptance of decisions, democratically reached, were followed.

Catholic critics of Mr Truman's book such as Mr Bede Baird, Lecturer in History, University of New South Wales, have conveniently shown that democratic moods and principles are consistent with Catholic teachings.

Such writers have drawn attention—and properly so—to Truman's failure to appreciate both the significance and the challenge of the annual Social Justice statements. In early issues, there appeared a statement that while matters of faith must be accepted by Catholics, the social applications in the pamphlets were subject to difference and discussions.

There are serious issues involved in the relationship between the Catholic Church and democratic politics, but they do not differ fundamentally from the problems that arise between the believers of any church and the state (or the party, whether the believers be Catholics or Quakers)—in fact whether they be pacifists, single-taxers, or Communists, etc. The issues which Mr Truman and his contemporaries trace in the dramatic events of the relationship between the Catholic Church and the Labor Party (or the Australian nation, are revealed just as dramatically and occasionally even more fundamentally in the historic controversies around republicanism, single-tax, pacifism, secularism and socialism.

Only in the last pages, in an appeal that his main analysis renders illogical or fatuous, does Mr Truman recognize that the challenge to the Catholic Church is one of differentiation and reconciliation. This is important to the nation and to the Labor Party.

Today Australian Labor is divided, and discordant. Religious issues not only between Catholics and their opponents, but among Catholics themselves are a dissolving agent. But when Labor is in the mood—or faces the need—to re-examine its doctrines it must repudiate any Australian form of McCarthyism. And it must recognize that a new statement of Labor-socialist ideas will owe something to Hilaire Belloc and Henry George, G.K. Chesterton, G.D.H. Cole, William Morris, the Papal Encyclicals and the Communist Manifesto—and James Scullin and R.S. Ross.

Mr Truman illustrates the difficulties because he reveals how difficult it is even for a trained political scientist to avoid sectarian bias in his judgments. Catholic critics of the book, however, in replying to Mr Truman state Catholic doctrines in a way that re-establishes the basis for a new synthesis by Labor in a democratic and pluralist community.

Lloyd Ross

ROBERT GRAVES:

The Crowning Privilege

Penguin. London. 6s. od.

Collected Poems

Cassell. London. 32s. 9d.

Acting with intemperate haste, Penguins have issued a new edition of Robert Graves's Clark Lectures, delivered to the students of Cambridge in 1954-55; presumably, this means that the lectures, and their companion pieces in the reprinted volume *The Crowning Privilege*, will achieve a specious kind of immortality. More is the pity. They are eminently worthy of consignment to oblivion: dully expressed, full of windy generalizations, frequently fatuous and almost without exception bizarre. As they illustrate the tetchy senility of a good historical novelist, they may have some gerontological value; what literary quality they possess is, to be kind, elusive.

Mr Graves's theme was 'Professional Standards in English Poetry'; he discusses the demerits of those poets who have made money out of their verses, and the qualities of those who, like himself, have found their fortunes in other forms of writing. He is an admirer of John Skelton, John Clare, W.H. Davies, Laura Riding, and of himself; these poets, he informs us, have been honest with the Muse, and have very properly regarded their readers as tangential. On the other hand, Donne, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Keats, Dylan Thomas, Yeats, Pound and Eliot, to name but a few, are to be dismissed, and 'the whole period between Marvell and Blake was poetically barren'. His reasons for dismissing these poets are worth inspection. Apparently Wordsworth is no good because he tended to be prolix in prose: it appears that the poet unwisely (as it turns out) sent a letter to Graves's granduncle; and now Robert, in a far woollier fashion, uses the dull missive to beat the old man with.

Milton is attacked because, it seems, he ill-treated Marie Powell; but, on closer inspection, it appears that the only evidence Mr Graves has for this is *Wife to Mr Milton*, by Robert Graves. To give his onslaught some kind of literary stuffing for his listeners' benefit, Graves drags out the old Milton-thwacking stick of *Lycidas*; from Dr Johnson on, this poem has boringly been used as a basis for abusing the poet, and here Graves is, with an air of wide-eyed discovery, riding the creaking old critical bandwagon.

Indeed, this writer is full of old-hat pronouncements, sounding like some Georgian poetess on Pound and fussing over these nasty, modern free verse follies. Could anything be more crashingly obvious than the statement that *Kublai Khan* is a better poem than *Frost at Midnight* or *Lewi*, or more linguistically heavy-handed than the opinion: 'Flawed gems are none the less gems, and no poem is entirely flawless.'? Whole stretches of flaccid prose are given over to discussions of the merits of the author of *Jesse James's Ballad*. Arthur as antichrist (with the twelve knights of the round table the black apostles) or the origins of the poet's harp, explained by Marvan of Connaught in the seventh century: '(It began) when the wind played on the dried tendons of a stranded whale's skeleton in the time of Macuel son of Miduel.' The whale, of course, is the White Goddess; and only pigs can see the wind . . . from there on, Graves seems to be lost to the general proceedings.

The size of Mr Graves's library is well-known; he can go on like nobody's business about such things as the political meaning of *Goosey, Goosey Gander* and the lion and the unicorn; but unfortunately he is less succinct than Brewer, whose *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* must be almost falling to pieces in Mr Graves's study. To give the book class, there is a chapter on Juana de

Asbaje, who, readers will be fascinated to learn, belongs to the same sisterhood as Liadan of Corkaguiney, a brilliant young ollamh of seventh-century Connaught. Samples of Juana's execrable verses have been translated, and appear between these covers.

Mr Graves's own poems have been issued, in yet another cumulative edition, by Cassells. There are imitation ballads, and other proofs that the poet is in touch with the Muse; but she appears to be everyone else's Muse, in fact a strumpet. For one who dislikes Eliot's musings, Graves can do a fair imitation of him:

Time is Time's lapse, the elusive element coaxing

All obstinate locks . . .

And all other voices he dislikes echo dimly in these plain, dry, cold verses with their clipped metres and plaster-it-together rhymes. It is perhaps the sharpest irony of Graves's career that he should be providing, in his poetry, a flawless receptacle for the talents he has so long, and so exhaustingly, despised.

Charles Higham

VINCENT BUCKLEY:

Poetry and Morality

Chatto & Windus. London. 34s. 9d.

The vindication of the poetic imagination—of the use of language for purposes other than the communication of literal truth—has led thinkers from Plato to the present into a philosophico-critical no-man's-land of speculation as to the relationship between literature and morality. Obviously, if one thinks for a moment, the study of literature has moral implications—why otherwise insist on its centrality in education at all levels?—and in historical perspective the argument seems to arrange itself into a dialectic of which the thesis and antithesis are Horace's *utile* and *dulce*—didacticism and *l'art pour l'art*. To think again is to realize that it is far more complicated than

this, for, as Mr Buckley says, there is no such thing as a free, disengaged poetry, and didactic poetry is as a rule quite ineffectual. Rather than the aimless philosophical disquisition one might have expected from its title, Mr Buckley's book is a valuable approach to the question through an examination of the work of the three greatest critics of the past hundred years—Arnold, Eliot and Leavis—each of whom has, from his own particular angle of vision, affirmed the intimate connection between poetry and morality.

The opening chapters on Arnold are, after Leavis's essay, the best objective account we have of the most sensitive—and, Mr Buckley suggests, the most vacillating—of the great Victorian literary men. A minute examination of key passages from the criticism exposes the confusion under-lying Arnold's ideas. Buckley rejects as fantastic Arnold's notion that poetry not only interprets life for us, but has the power to console or sustain: it is too narrow and too subjective a view. It answers, ultimately, to Arnold's own craving for consolation in a world where religion seemed to have failed. For him poetry was, in some real sense, a religious act. This is at once a reduction both of poetry and religion, a curious conflation of the sentiments common to both, which Arnold identifies with 'morality'. Arnold turns out to be a didactic critic who rejected what his senses told him was poetry (e.g. Chaucer) in the interests of morality, and his achievements as critic are the weaker for it.

With Eliot we come much nearer the heart of the matter. With Arnold the word 'life' was crucial—it sometimes seems synonymous with 'literature'—while Eliot's doctrine of the impersonality of the work of art was evolved precisely to distinguish between 'art' and 'life'. Buckley agrees with Eliot that Arnold demanded too much from poetry, yet he would himself demand more than Eliot,

for whom all poetry can communicate is the poem itself. As a critic he is made uneasy by the mechanical or sterile images Eliot uses to define and affirm his theory of impersonality, and he is still less happy with the Eliot of *After Strange Gods* and after, who insists that literary criticism must be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint.

Buckley's position, finally, is with F.R. Leavis, midway between Arnold and Eliot in many respects. 'Life' and 'impersonality' are terms to which Leavis gives a special sense. For him great art has a moral-poetic vitality: 'works of art act their moral judgements',—they are both 'autotelic' and 'a criticism of life'. Art is for Leavis a struggle to define oneself and one's values at the heart of the issue which one feels most deeply: here the artist's emotional life is 'impersonalized', the emotion universalized, and its general meaning discovered.

Leavis's earlier work is exploratory in the main, and Buckley devotes an important chapter to the development of his theory of impersonality in the later, more important books—*Revaluation*, *The Great Tradition*, and the work on Lawrence. Leavis does not, like Eliot, separate the writer as artist from the writer as man: impersonality is the effect of the work, but it is achieved only by the deepest realization of the writer's imaginative impulse, which in the greatest literature is always ethical and moral. Great art affirms 'life'; inferior art denies it.

Poetry and Morality is valuable both as a study of three major critics and as an attempt to come to terms with a difficult problem. Mr Buckley is not wholly successful in keeping his own meaning of 'morality' tucked away up his sleeve, but it is a subject on which no one who did not feel deeply would be moved to write.

Gustav Cross

DAL STIVENS:

Jimmy Brockett

Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 22s. 6d.

Was it Poe who commented on authors who drop their characters down wells when they can't think what next to do with them? Whoever delivered this stricture, Dal Stivens couldn't have been impressed. He drops a character down a well! And another dies in childbirth. Since these two unfortunates happen to have been the only child and the wife of Jimmy Brockett, the novel's central personage, their turn-of-page deaths might seem important. But we're not at all upset, really; like everyone else in the novel, including Jimmy Brockett, they were hardly alive enough to necessitate specific deaths.

Besides, the novel is concerned only with Mr Brockett—who dies on the last page. A poor Glebe lad at the turn of the century, Brockett swindled and bullied his way to great wealth and notoriety by 1936, when he finally dies. He owns a great newspaper and many business enterprises; he's even been a state cabinet minister. The novel goes about explaining how Jimmy Brockett achieved all this, and in the course of the narrative we learn something about the man.

The author sub-titles this novel *Portrait of a Notable Australian*. And Stivens undoubtedly means the subtitle to carry a deal of irony, for Brockett is in almost every way despicable. But one wonders if the author quite knew what he was about in portraying Brockett. Surely this sort of figure deserves something other than platitudinous irony. One realizes, of course, that the author's very limited talent makes it difficult for us to take the novel or its central character at all seriously. But if we do the job the author didn't, if we do realize and ponder a Jimmy Brockett, then we ought to be far more aware than Mr Stivens of significances.

REVIEWS

Brockett's credo is simple: 'There are all sorts of ways of getting what you want in this world.' These ways include every sort of duplicity and fraud, bribery, strong-arm stuff, and blackmail. For some incomprehensible reason, though, Brockett has scruples: 'Well, murder is one thing a man ought to stop short of.' Brockett is forever extolling his industriousness, usually in his own tender phrasing: 'Monday morning I was up at sparrow fart . . . I was as busy as a bob-tailed calf in fly time.' And all this effort, of course, is clearly necessary: 'Time means money, and no day is long enough if you've got some purpose in life.'

He's a patriot of sorts, too: 'We've got the best country in the world and the best people, and we don't want any Chinks or other foreigners butting in on us. . . . The Chows breed like rabbits back home and some day they'll be coming down unless people like Jimmy Brockett do something about it and finish the job the pioneers started.' And he's a thinker as well: 'I'm as modern as the next fellow in most things, but I don't see eye to eye in all this talk of freedom for women.' However, for all his philandering and straight-out whoring, Jimmy is a gentleman: 'I swear a lot, but I draw the line at swearing in front of ladies.'

When we stop laughing over Jimmy Brockett, we start worrying about Mr Stivens. The best Jimmy Brockett deserves is parody, but Stivens apparently feels he's worthy of consideration. He's misled one witless dustcover writer to say that Brockett is 'so essentially human that, while being fascinated by his spectacular career, the reader feels the full force of his private failures and tragedies'.

Really, it makes one wonder if more things than a character have been dropped down a well somewhere!

Stanley Tick

CHARLES HIGHAM:
The Earthbound and Other Poems
Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 10s. 6d.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE:
The Music of Division
Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 9s. 6d.

ROBERT D. FITZGERALD:
The Wind at Your Door
Talgarra Press, Cremorne. n.p.

Chance has placed Higham and Wallace-Crabbe together, as the first two authors published in the new Angus & Robertson format (which is admirable in price and design). Different as they are in many ways, they have also some interesting similarities.

Charles Higham is a poet of considerable resources. He knows what he is doing. Each mode is taken up and developed consistently. His verse is ruled by will and skill, so that different rhythms, textures and tunes emerge in an accomplished range. Compare and contrast (as the examiner says):

*Tree, O shining tree of day,
In the sun-occluded grove,
In your shadow I would pray;
Deathless, pass the hours away
In your stillness, in your love.*

and this:

*Oh, but if this is all, if we're but
mental cases
huddling in a crowded ward uncertain
of our plight,
why is there somewhere deep in us an
ache for light,
and why even at death can someone's
fading sight
see meaning in disease's last
analysis? . . .*

and this:

*Spilled ichor falls from the god's
wounded hand;
The rocks of the Aegean moan with
stricken sea;
All the honeycombed islands resound,
resound
In the wave like a thousand shells or
ears . . .*

There is in Higham an attraction towards the purely virtuoso performance in which the subject is merely the occasion for the exercise of artistry, classic instances of which are Crashaw's *Musicks Duell* and La Fontaine's *Adonis*. But he has also written poems which require the subject—grief, love, dread, despair—to make its full human impact.

Yet here one finds a limitation. At times the situation is not clearly enough stated and individuated just when this is necessary. The title poem 'The Earthbound' is an example. And however animated the verse, however much the images are meant to touch the bared nerves, somehow all the violence of action and feeling is as if seen under glass.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe has not attained the assured compositional skill of Higham, though he has a proper feeling for the value of a formal elegance in a determined mode. In the poems that promise best there is usually, for me, some fall into prosodic deadness or rhetorical inadequacy. But he has gifts and potentialities: lyrically declarative in:

*Sure as the wind against my face
And the cramped houses here below,
I know the coming nights of pain
And alternating days of grace
In which we rise above our plight;
These things you also can foretell:
Time without end, the living soul
Creates and conquers some new hell . . .*

conversationally discursive in:

*Spectacular fireworks appear to be the
only
Incarnation that a world of the lonely
Can understand, turning for patron
saint
To the off-beat genius of William
Blake . . .*

and occasionally more elevatedly rhetorical, as in his evocation of Yeats's symbolic golden bird:

*This golden bird, most exquisitely
made—
The apex and the goal of all my
trade—*

*Haunts me each moment that I strive
to write
And sings upon his famous bough,
apart,
Sole prophet in the courtyard of my
heart.*

The subject-matters of Wallace-Crabbe's poems reveal a mind that is sensitive, sociable, unassumingly serious. The similarity to Higham that concerns me is in a final failure of impact. The poems reveal a not unfamiliar condition of intellectual uncertainty, the dread of an inner void and hopelessness against which the poet summons as best he can the resources of love, fellow-feeling and humility. But the themes do not grip hard enough, the impact is too light. This is not something that could be cured by overstraining or violence—the poet's avoidance of this (generally) is a virtue. The problem has to be resolved not by artistic strategy so much as in the depths of personal experience, i.e. in a region where the reviewer's further comments would be an impertinent intrusion.

Walter Stone's private press has produced a limited edition of a new reflective poem by Robert D. Fitzgerald. It is written in rhyme royal, which serves well to give formality to the colloquial discourse the poet holds with himself.

The starting point of the meditation is the thought that one of the poet's ancestors was a doctor in NSW in the colonial period, Dr Martin Mason, who must often have witnessed the flogging of Irish convicts. The poet acknowledges also his Irish breed and recalls that one of the convicts lashed at Castle Hill bore his surname, being called Maurice Fitzgerald:

*an ignorant dolt, no doubt, for all that
crew
was tenantry. The breed of clod and
dunce
makes patriots and true men: could I
announce
that Maurice as my kin I say aloud*

I'd take his irons as heraldry, and be proud.

The poet cannot admire the doctor who was part of the official machinery of oppression, but accepts his kinship with him in the spirit of 'judge not that ye be not judged'. But Maurice FitzGerald's fortitude evokes another thought:

*It would be well if I could find, removed
through generations back—who knows how far?—
more than a surname's thickness as a proved
bridge with that man's foundations.
I need some star
of courage from his firmament, a bar
against surrenders: faith. All trials
are less
than rain-blacked wind tells of that old distress.*

This is one of the most distinguished poems we have had from FitzGerald.

James McAuley

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
The Evolution of a Conservative
Henry Regnery, New York. \$4.50.

Shortly after the Russian Revolution a group of young journalists set off for Moscow to represent their papers. To a man they were mesmerized by what they thought the Russians stood for. They had revolted against the social system which they believed had made possible the utter stupidity of 1914-18, and they believed themselves at the dawn of a new age. Their experiences in Moscow left them disillusioned, and in the case of the more intelligent, disillusionment led to a new political philosophy. The development of this philosophy was slow. In the first stages it involved a return of liberalism; in its second and more mature stage it embraced the conservatism of Burke, de Tocqueville, Adams and Disraeli.

Eugene Lyons's book *Assignment in Utopia* (1938) illustrated the first

stage. It was a purely journalistic commentary on the cynical brutality into which the revolution had degenerated. It influenced the whole generation of its schoolboys and students (including this reviewer). In it Lyons described his fellow journalist, Chamberlin, who represented the *Christian Science Monitor* in Moscow from 1922 to 1934, as 'always exact, and scholarly and passionless'. This same Chamberlin has written a book which represents the second stage in the development of the philosophy.

When Lyons wrote it was unthinkable for an advanced intellectual to acknowledge himself a follower of Burke or de Tocqueville, but twenty years of socialist waters have now flowed under many bridges and an increasing number of writers, reflecting the tendencies of people in the ballot booths, is openly proclaiming a Conservative faith. The old guard socialist is apt to dismiss this Conservatism as 'phony', but in doing so it tends to ignore the steady consolidation of belief of the generation which Lyons and Chamberlin have influenced.

Perhaps Russell Kirk whose *Conservative Mind* has so clearly influenced Chamberlin has done more than anyone else to crystallize that belief and anchor it in Burke. His work is on quite a different plane from that of Chamberlin whose book is an apologia rather than a philosophical reflection. Chamberlin has little of Kirk's insight or literary elegance.

What is of real interest in this book is the appreciation that the liberal inheritance of Adam Smith, and Bentham and the conservative inheritance of Burke are strictly in opposition and present a choice to the mind. Chamberlin came to realize that the alternative to socialism was not liberalism in this sense but conservatism. The values which he cherished were those of the conservatives; the liberals by their

flirtation with the Left had demonstrated the insecurity of their ground. The very people who had been convulsed over the Sacco-Vanzetti affair were the very people who applauded the purges of Stalin and explained away even the most obvious horrors perpetuated under his regime.

They were the same people who shut their eyes to what the Reds were doing in Spain at the very moment when they were so excited over what Mussolini was doing in Abyssinia or Hitler in Germany. Their myopia, leading to a double morality, brought Chamberlin to suspect the liberal philosophy. In particular he was distressed to discover that the people who became so emotionally encouraged over Guernica were the same who demanded the last pound of German or Japanese flesh in 1945, and nodded approvingly when the Potsdam meeting put fifteen million beggared people on to the roads of Central Europe. To the liberal, it appeared, self determination is applicable only to the elect.

However, there is something vaguely disturbing about this book and it calls for a word of warning. Mr Chamberlin has views on everything from Rock-'n'-Roll and TV to capitalistic incentives and segregation, and it is all focused against a backdrop provided by an ogre named Stalin. So we have, linked together, distrust of the United Nations, support for the Suez operation, praise for isolation, respect for Herbert Hoover, deep suspicion of Roosevelt and Pearl Harbour, detestation of modern music, despair of American education theory and scepticism of foreign aid programmes. Now each of these is a matter for debate in itself, and doubts about the United Nations do not necessarily spring from a comprehensive philosophy of conservatism, nor would many conservatives be against foreign aid. A laboured demonstration of socialist failings in Europe in recent

The Observer and 'Overseas'

When an Australian periodical starts to put together an "overseas" section it meets at once the difficulty of finding Australians who have enough experience, intellect, and talent to comment on foreign affairs practically, penetratingly and persuasively. Without such writers the periodical cannot hope to gain the respect of those often influential people who are well informed, either privately or through diplomatic agencies, about the affairs of other nations. To get around the difficulty the periodical may sometimes use material syndicated by overseas publications and written by English or American commentators. Although, in many instances, this practice may be quite satisfactory, it can never be wholly satisfying. Since *The Observer* started to put together its "overseas" section we have used syndicated material very sparingly. Occasionally we have managed to obtain exclusively material written by foreign commentators.

Wherever possible, however, we have tried to obtain the services of Australians, such as those of Denis Warner, one of Australia's most eminent commentators on Asian affairs. More recently we have obtained the services of Neil McInnes, an Australian resident in Paris. For several months now *The Observer* has published McInnes' commentaries on European affairs, and it is these we wish to recommend to those who have not yet read them. We have the backing of some high authorities for our opinion that McInnes' commentaries are outstanding. We feel they are still another reason why so many people are willing to pay 1/6 to read *The Observer* every fortnight.

years (including the 'peanut scandal' of course!) has something of the tedium of propaganda. It is worth while making this point to meet the objections of other reviewers whose deepest suspicions will be aroused at finding the name of McCarthy linked in dramatic conjunction with that of William O. Douglas.

Mr Chamberlin is obviously writing of an American public and in the light of the political and journalistic history of the past thirty years he is perhaps warranted in assuming that that public is naïve. No doubt his book will do some good, for there is a stream of genuine philosophy running through it. But I cannot help thinking that conservatism as an intellectual programme is not particularly well served by a catalogue of the defects of socialism and of the merits of American capitalism.

Mr Chamberlin may well be right in his judgments and these judgments may well be supported by the philosophy of conservatism, but the case is easily lost by overstating. And this is a pity for Mr Chamberlin has long been a voice crying in the wilderness, a voice of courage and sincerity, and had there been others to add to it American wartime policy may have been a little less inept and the world today a better place.

D.P.O'Connell

BOOKS NOTED

IGOR STRAVINSKY and
ROBERT CRAFT:
Conversations with Igor Stravinsky
Faber & Faber. London. 34s. gd.

As one of the indisputable modern masters, and a man of high intellectual culture, Igor Stravinsky's comments on music, musicians, and related cultural matters are important. Robert Craft is closely associated with the composer, and asked the questions which drew forth this

interesting material. There are remarks which one expects to see quoted often:

'Critics, like composers, must know what they love. Anything else is pose and propaganda, or what D.H. Lawrence called "would-be".'

What one finds depends on what one is looking for. For some, the important parts will be the more technical discussions at the beginning. For others, the more general comments.

His opinions are always trenchant, but have the weight of thought and experience behind them:

"Experiment" means something in the sciences; it means nothing at all in musical composition. No good musical composition could be merely "experimental"; it is music or it isn't; it must be heard and judged as any other. A successful "experiment" in musical composition would be as great a failure as an unsuccessful one, if it were no more than an experiment.'

NORBERT COULEHAN:

Quadrantus Rex
Macmillan. London. 20s. od.

A novel by an Australian author with such a title proved irresistible to us. It turned out to be an unusual and interesting story. The Emperor Augustus brings to Rome three Kings from the outer world: from West Africa, the Baltic, and Inner Asia. The intention is to establish by agreement a *Pax Mundana*. Negotiations break down; but the Kings before they return home go to visit Judea, and on their way a strange astronomical phenomenon and a vision draw them on a pilgrimage to a King of Kings 'who would implement the *Pax* after his own fashion'.

The ship in which they sail is a mysterious one chartered for the purpose, manned by mutes and with a gigantic Greek master named Quadrantus whose knowledge and seamanship seem almost preternatural.

It is not this scaffolding of quasi-historical fable that makes the book attractive, but the substance of daily incident in which life in Roman society and the world of Roman naval power and seamanship are recreated vividly and with verisimilitude. This is done with many lively touches. When plague breaks out on board in West African waters the sea-tribune asks the chamberlain from the palace, who is accompanying the expedition, whether he is not afraid. The chamberlain says: 'After ten years in Roman society, O Titus, what is a mere pestilence?'

TED MOLONEY and GEORGE MOLNAR:

Cooking for Bachelors

Shepherd Press. Sydney. 25s. od.

GEORGE MOLNAR:

Insubstantial Pageant

Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 22s. 6d.

The authors of *Cooking for Bachelors* are dedicated men who believe in cooking as one of the serious arts and have a mission to communicate this part of civilization to the backward peoples of Sydney and Melbourne. Do not be deceived by the excellent fooling in the text and the drawings. This is merely the strategy adopted by missionary fanaticism. The real temper of mind is rigorist and intolerant. Notice for example Molnar's treatment of other arts. Painting is allowed, because cooking shares with it a visual interest: 'A meal is like a picture. There are different colours in the picture, blue, red, brown, but all colours are toned together.' There are, he says, meals like an early Matisse, others like a Rembrandt painting: 'beautiful tones of browns and golds merging together'. Of course, since cooking also appeals by taste, texture and smell, it is vastly superior to painting. Music on the other hand is an auditory affair, with which cooking has no point of contact beyond a certain amount of sizzling and

slopping, so: 'I can't be put off by people who are musical. It's an affliction, but curable.'

Those who watch the *Sydney Morning Herald* on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays to see Molnar in his role as social and political sage will recognize old favourites in *Insubstantial Pageant*, a collection of cartoons. They wear well, and one only regrets the absence of others.

NORMAN LINDSAY:

Redheap

Ure Smith. Sydney. 21s. od.

The censor has done two wrongs to Norman Lindsay. The first was to ban *Redheap* in 1930 and thereby fasten attention upon a book that would otherwise have died decently within a short space of time. The second was to release it in 1959 and thereby expose its puerilities to the gaze of a new generation.

The theme is the turmoil of sex in the youth of a country town, a turmoil finding its secret way under the restraints of puritan respectability. The story is delivered with the mannered humoristics of the worst kind of late Victorian prose. The issues are commented on with the moral insight and the philosophical pretensions of a provincial mind arrested in early adolescence. Now that everyone can see what the fuss was about, and the critics have made the ritual overvaluations due to a banned book, *Redheap* will be able to slide undisturbed into the oblivion of which it has too long been unjustly deprived.

JACOB BURCKHART:

Judgements on History and Historians

Allen & Unwin. London. 29s. gd.

Aficionados will want this volume for its occasional grains of gold, or, at least, characteristic remarks. For example: 'People no longer believe in principles, but from time to time they do believe in saviours.'

Outstanding Australian Books

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN LONELINESS. By *Ernestine Hill*. The greatest of all Australian travel books.
Price 30/-. (Postage 1/3)

STONES OF FIRE. By *M. D. Berrington*. A woman opal-digger's experiences in the Red Centre. A most remarkable record of courage and humour.
Price 25/-. (Postage 10d.)

WATER INTO GOLD. By *Ernestine Hill*. The romantic story of the fight to turn the arid land round Mildura and Renmark into a region of vineyards.
Price 31/6. (Postage 1/3)

ROBERTSON & MULLENS LTD.

107-113 Elizabeth St., Melbourne

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD L. WALKER a specialist in international relations and an authority on China and the Far East, is head of the Department of International Studies at the University of South Carolina. His book *China Under Communism: the First Five Years* is one of the most authoritative works on Red China. In 1958 he followed it by *The Continuing Struggle: Communist China and the Free World*. During the war he served with U.S. Army intelligence in the Pacific theatre. He has since then visited the Far East several times, and in November 1957 was one of the principal speakers at the SEATO seminar in the Philippines.

DOUGLAS TERRY is a Sydney schoolteacher recently returned after five years in Baghdad.

T. H. JONES is the author of two volumes of verse, *The Enemy in the Heart* (1958) and *Song of a Mad Prince* (1960) both published by Rupert Hart Davis. Since 1959 he has been teaching in the English Department of Newcastle University College.

BARBARA MAUDE has lectured extensively in England on domestic design and contributed articles to the London *Observer* and other journals.

QUADRANT is published at 2 Albert Street Sydney, by H.R.Krygier on behalf of the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom. Statements made editorially or by contributors are not to be attributed to the Association.